

The Saturday Review

No. 2169, Vol. 83.

22 May, 1897.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	565	Concerts and Opera. By J. F. R.	573	Demosthenes as a Statesman . . .	583
LEADING ARTICLES:		Ibsen Triumphant. By G. B. S.	574	The Castles of England . . .	584
British Shipping and Foreign		MONEY MATTERS.	577	An Ecclesiastical Bird's-eye View . .	585
Competition	568	CORRESPONDENCE:		Voluntary v. Compulsory Service . .	585
A New Antarctic Expedition . . .	569	Ibsen and the Everlasting Female. By		Ibsen Travestied	586
POETRY:		George A. Hilleary Samuel . . .	579	A Slump in Scottish Heroes . . .	586
The Hymn of Abdul Hamid. By		Prison Discipline	580	New Fiction	587
John Davidson	570	German Technical Education . . .	580	Recent Art-Books in Italy . . .	589
SPECIAL ARTICLE:		The Destruction of Rare Birds . . .	580	This Week's Books	590
A Bechuanaland Morning. By H. A.		The Harp of Ireland. By James		SUPPLEMENT (Books of the Week):	
Bryden	570	Grahame	580	Lord Cromer	559
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		An Example from America. By		Mr. Gladstone's Later Gleanings . .	560
Painting at the Academy. By D. S. M.	571	Joseph Banister	580	Mathematical Biology	560
		REVIEWS:		A Modern Grand Tour	561
		Mr. F. Thompson's New Poems . .	581	A Little Knowledge	562
		What was the Gunpowder Plot? . .	582	Literary Notes	562

[A Literary Supplement, devoted to new books, is issued with this number; and another will appear next week.]

NOTES.

AT the request of the Tsar the Sultan agreed to an armistice which was formally concluded on Wednesday afternoon, the 19th inst. The terms of peace have not yet been agreed upon, but they can even now be guessed at with some approach to accuracy. It has been calculated that the war has cost Turkey between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 sterling, and she will probably have to be content with an indemnity of about £5,000,000, instead of the £10,000,000 she asked for. It is suggested that this sum should be made a charge upon the Greek Customs revenue, and it is almost certain that it will be secured in some way or other. The frontier line will be rectified at several points to the advantage of the Turks, who will also obtain the control of the neutral zone. We may take it for granted that the status of the Greek inhabitants of Turkey will not be altered; the Powers cannot think of reducing them to the position of Armenians.

The result of the war is deplorable: Greece is brought down to a state of pupillage, and Turkey has been strengthened; in the near East the cause of civilization has suffered. It is just because the Greeks represented ideas and the higher morals against brute force and barbarous fanaticism that we warned them against beginning an unequal contest, or even provoking their powerful enemy. The Radical journalists and politicians who assured the Greeks that they possessed the sympathies of Europe acted indiscreetly and, as the event has proved, unwisely. But now that Greece has received a much-needed lesson—for it is well that *ἡβρις* should be punished—the Powers must consider how the cause of civilization is to be advanced in Turkey itself. The victories of Edhem Pasha and the splendid fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier must not make us forget Armenia and the fact that the courage of the Turk has a terrible obverse in Turkish cruelty. We hope that Lord Salisbury will now do something more than consider English interests, unless, indeed, he regards the conscience of humanity as the highest of all interests.

The situation in South Africa is steadily improving. It is even rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain has brought Dr. Leyds to a reasonable spirit; we hear accordingly that the Dynamite monopoly will be abolished and the Netherlands Railway will be bought out and the Liquor Bill strictly enforced; but, alas! such statements suggest rather the imaginative ideal than imperfect reality, and

we cannot believe that the "Dopper," or Roundhead Boer, will change his nature, and become modern and progressive in a day. Still, as there is no smoke without a fire, and as a hopeful optimistic spirit undoubtedly obtains both in London and Johannesburg, we may look for some reforms in the Transvaal, and an approach towards a fairer treatment of the Outlander. The one disappointing factor at present is the telegraphed statement that the Raad of the Orange Free State is trying to pass an Aliens Immigration Law similar in all respects to the law just suspended by the Transvaal Volksraad. Of course the Free State is not bound by the Convention of 1884; but many will no doubt be found to persuade President Steyn that it is not well for him to be less liberal than President Kruger. Altogether the outlook is promising.

A great deal of fuss is being made by the Radical papers of certain cablegrams which passed between Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Harris in '95, and which have disappeared. Some, if not all, of these messages were destroyed by the Eastern Telegraph Company in the ordinary routine of business; but it is suggested that others have been suppressed with the intention of concealing, if not of perverting, the truth. Of course this suspicion may be well founded, but we do not believe it is. In any case no one will deny that the Raid and its causes—effective and contributory—have now been sufficiently investigated. There is plenty of material before the Committee for a fair and generous judgment that shall forestall the judgment of posterity. There will probably always be room for two shades of opinion about the matter; but the difference between Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Labouchere is no longer what it was; both have moved towards each other, and a unanimous finding has become possible. There can be no doubt about one point, and that is that the "Times" has come as badly out of the investigation as Sir Graham Bower himself. Our readers will remember that in both cases we foretold this result more than a year ago. The moment has not come yet to state the case completely against the "Times," but the impression created by these cablegrams, that the correspondents were chiefly to blame, and not the direction of the paper, is a mistaken impression.

In Parliament the debate on the Workmen's Compensation Bill, on Monday and Tuesday, has been the event of the week, and Mr. Chamberlain's attitude its main feature. The Bill is a bold experiment in Socialistic legislation. No other Legislature, either in Europe, America, or the Colonies, has ever passed a measure so revolutionary in its economic effect, for its principle is the direct responsibility of each industry for the lives

and health of those engaged in it. In both France and Belgium Bills as Socialistic have been introduced but have never passed. There is at present such a Bill before the French Legislature, which has been discussed in both Chambers for the past eight years. But as things stand there is every prospect that the English Bill, the most revolutionary since 1832, will be rushed through in six weeks, and if this happens one man will have done it, and that man Mr. Chamberlain. It is significant of the power of personal force in politics that one man can do so much in the teeth of the dislike of the Commons, the Lords, and the Cabinet. The weak man, Mr. Asquith, whose influence since his roundabout-face has descended to zero, points the moral.

In the debate the Speaker made a mistake in not calling upon Mr. Burns, who rose again and again. The House had to listen to Mr. Provand, who has knowledge but no oratory, and Mr. Logan, who has neither. Mr. Chamberlain himself wanted to get at grip with one of the big employers of labour, and singled out Sir James Joicey, who had laid himself open to attack by announcing that he accepted the principle of the Bill, but in his speech objected to practically every one of its provisions. Sir James Joicey has no influence in the House, but he has importance as a clever business man who largely controls the North of England coal trade. He is perhaps the biggest coal-worker in the world. Two nights were not really enough for the second-reading debate. On Tuesday on several occasions some thirty members rose to speak at the same time. The Welsh Church Bill, a much less important measure, had three or four nights for its introduction alone.

Mr. Chamberlain will no doubt manage to carry the Bill through by soothing his party, though they hate him cordially. The desire of the Opposition not to hinder what they believe to be Progressive legislation will help him. The dangerous rock ahead will be the question of extending the provisions of the Bill to other industries, principally the shipping. Mr. Chamberlain has already shown signs of wavering on this point, but the shipowners are numerous in the House, and he tried one fall with them and got worsted over the Merchant Shipping Bill when he was President of the Board of Trade. On the other hand, if Mr. Chamberlain is bold enough to extend the scope of the Bill, he may achieve enormous popularity amongst the electors, and in boldness he has never been lacking. The contemptuous way in which he treats Sir Matthew White Ridley, who after all has charge of the Bill, shows how little he fears his friends. In fact, he bullies the whole House. The Home Secretary, on the other hand, tries to be conciliatory, and assumes that the whole House is friendly to the Bill.

The Welsh Land Tenure Bill debate on Wednesday was important in that it emphasized the partiality with which Ireland has been treated in the matter of agrarian legislation. It is only natural that Welsh farmers, and English and Scotch farmers too, for that matter, should demand to be treated at least as well by Parliament as Irish farmers have been. In the discussion there was some senseless fooling by Mr. Stanley Leighton, but the most serious feature of the debate, from the Liberal point of view, was Sir William Harcourt's absence. The Welsh members were very wroth about it, and the injury was the greater because the Leader of the Opposition is a Welsh member himself now. His absence was the more remarkable because the Liberal vote on the second reading was one of the largest of the Session.

The debate in the Italian Chamber, which has been dragging on for several days, does not look like bringing the question of the policy which Italy is to adopt in Africa much nearer a practical solution. The fact is that the Italians cannot afford to pay for the maintenance of an expensive Colonial establishment on the Red Sea, and cannot make up their minds to inflict on their national vanity the humiliation of a complete withdrawal. The Cabinet has declared that it will stand or fall on its African policy; which is apparently the

maintenance of a small military establishment and direct administrative control at the port of Massowah, and the parcelling-out of the rest of Erythra among native chiefs, under Italian influence. On the face of it the scheme is open to the serious objection that it takes no account of the possibility—some people would say the certainty—that Menelek will quickly find or make a cause of quarrel with these native chiefs, who will then discover that their interests will be better served by throwing in their lot with their powerful neighbour than by remaining under the tutelage of a Power which has proclaimed from the housetops that it cannot and will not find more men or more money for "African adventures."

Sir Charles Dilke asked a question in the House on Tuesday which recalls one of the least satisfactory episodes in our recent diplomatic history. The agreement which Lord Kimberley made three years ago with the sovereign of the Congo Free State is a striking example of the ineptitude with which our foreign relations are too often conducted. As it stands King Leopold is in actual or nominal possession of the block of territory on the Upper Nile leased to him by Great Britain, while the consideration we were to receive has not and cannot be paid. The fresh batch of revelations as to Belgian methods of administration in Africa naturally raises the question whether this leased territory—over which *ex hypothesi* we claim some right, and therefore acknowledge some responsibility—can be left to the tender mercy of King Leopold's agents. It is satisfactory to note that the Brussels papers are calling on the King for explanations and answers to the definite charges brought by Mr. Sjöblom and others against the Administration. As for the Commission from which Mr. Curzon hopes so much—well, it will probably be as much use as are Commissions elsewhere—certainly not more.

The Light Railway proposal of the Court of Common Council is a triumph for the spirit of irony. The Light Railways Act was passed expressly for the benefit of British agriculture; the Court of Common Council are endeavouring to use it for striking yet another blow at the British grazier. They are about to apply (at the instance of the Cattle Markets Committee) to the Light Railway Commissioners for power to construct a railway to connect the Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford with the Brighton and South Coast Railway. Under the Light Railways Act the Imperial Treasury is to contribute large sums to Light Railway projects, and all sorts of facilities are provided to assist them, all in the interest of the British farmer. That the Act would ever be used for facilitating competition with the British farmer was never contemplated by Parliament, and we hope the Board of Trade will find some excuse for putting its foot down on this Deptford scheme.

The English public can only follow one thing at a time, but it is a pity that more attention is not given to the very significant internal crisis in Germany. We spoke some weeks ago of the curious situation created by the rejection by the Reichstag of the Emperor's darling project for creating a navy equal to that of France. The building of the ships, it is believed, is going on all the same, and the trouble will arise when the bill becomes due. Only this week the Reichstag has given another taste of its spirit by passing by a majority of four to one a Bill annulling in advance the Government's anti-Association Bill now before the Prussian Landtag. The Imperial Parliament has of course supreme authority, within the lines of the Constitution, over the various local Parliaments, but such a flagrant slap in the face to Prussia has never before been administered. Everything points to a rapidly approaching trial of strength between the Emperor, supported, perhaps, by the Prussian Landtag, and the Reichstag, supported by the smaller States. The precedent of the three years' conflict between Prince Bismarck and the Prussian Landtag at once suggests itself; but circumstances have changed since the 'sixties, and the Constitution of 1871 affords to the Opposition a much stronger foothold than that possessed by the Radicals of 1863.

The United States Senate, having rejected the principle of Arbitration in general, and having refused to pay the award under the Behring Sea Arbitration in particular, is now trying to force President McKinley into a war of aggression on Spain, beginning with the seizure of Cuba. America is a land of almost inexhaustible resources, but unless some check is put on the vagaries of this incompetent and dishonest body there is no telling what may be the result. It is well understood that England cannot afford to quarrel with the United States, but one day the game of tail-twisting may be tried on some nation that has not an open Canadian frontier, and the consequences may be surprising. Even poor broken-down Spain could make things very ugly in Cuba, and in the Pacific Hawaii threatens to provide another Cuba. The Japanese are probably more friendly to the United States than to any other State, but they make no secret of the fact that they do not intend to allow Washington to annex Hawaii. Leaving out of consideration the native Hawaiians, who are melting away with disease, the Japanese are the dominant element, industrially and commercially, in the island, and a recent attempt to stop further Japanese immigration was promptly met by the despatch of two Japanese warships. The American Admiral on the station tried a little bounce, but was referred by the Japanese Admiral to his Government, and so matters stand.

Since the days of Dr. Doyle, the great Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, no such denunciation has been hurled at agrarian crime in Ireland as that uttered in Askeaton last Sunday by Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. He told the people that they were "idiots or worse" to conceal the names of a clique of individuals who disgraced the diocese by murder and violence—men, he added, who in free countries like France or America would be "shot down like dogs." For his part, if he could get their names, they would be publicly excommunicated. He counselled the people to pay their rents and not to trouble themselves about "keeping up a number of professing patriots who are knocking money out of the people." Poor Mr. Dillon! He has been publicly warned off the Diocese of Armagh, and now Limerick follows suit. A little pluck and decision on the part of Mr. Gerald Balfour would enable him to rally to the side of the Government large elements in Irish life which are utterly disgusted with the rival political cheap-jacks who are rattling their begging boxes all over the country. But these are unfortunately the last qualities to look for in a Chief Secretary who has had greater opportunities than any other of the century, but who has, so far, missed them all.

Much less is known of the Premiers who are coming from Australasia to participate in the Jubilee celebrations than is known of those who will represent Canada and the Cape. The cable informs the British public more fully and more readily of the doings of Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Laurier than of anything that concerns leading Antipodean public men. Australasia is sending home no less than seven politicians who glory in the title of Prime Minister, and preparations are being made on all hands to give them hearty welcome. They will be an entertaining group of what we may be permitted to call secondary premiers. Sir Edward Braddon, of Tasmania, is the only figure among them familiar in London, and must not be taken as a typical specimen of the Australasian species. Sir John Forrest, of West Australia, will be made a great deal of by the company element in London, and will accept all the honours which hospitality can shower upon him without blushing. He is an explorer and an autocrat, with a gift for making things warm for recreant followers. New South Wales will spare for awhile Mr. George Houston Reid, though how the Government of the Colony is to be carried on in the great man's absence he probably cannot imagine. Mr. Reid was originally a Civil servant in the Colony, and proved his ability in public affairs by winning the unmeasured contempt of his sometime leader, the late Sir Henry Parkes. He is not on speaking terms with the majority of his earlier opinions, he wears a monocle, has an exalted opinion of his own genius for political economy and is a supporter of the Cobden Club. He

recently made the momentous confession that he might have been a K.C.M.G. if he had cared. Perhaps his Jubilee jaunt in the capital of the Empire may induce him condescendingly to accept the honour at the hands of his Sovereign.

Mr. R. J. Seddon, of New Zealand—"Dick Seddon" to all who know him well—is a rough diamond. He is superior to his creed. A Socialist to the finger-tips, his Socialism has proved innocuous in practice. He has rendered New Zealand some service, and is fully conscious of the fact. In Sir Hugh Nelson, of Queensland, we have one who has fought Socialism as successfully as Mr. Seddon has fostered it. Queensland gave birth to that latest and most fatuous attempt to found Utopia known as New Australia; but Sir Hugh Nelson, notwithstanding, has managed to win its suffrages. He has also succeeded in putting the finances and keeping the Labour party of the Colony in order. Mr. C. C. Kingston, of South Australia, is a capital fellow at giving himself testimonials. He once publicly proclaimed that his honesty needed no bush. He loves to embarrass the Colonial Office and to upset the predilections of Colonial governors. He is a master of angry eloquence and abuses those with whom he disagrees with an amazing wealth of expletive. But he is an able man. Finally there is Sir George Turner, of Victoria, a dull unimaginative lawyer who is satisfied to administer rather than legislate. He is a Protectionist who in an Australian Federal Parliament would make a capital McKinley. His forte as Premier has been a cheeseparing propensity which has offended individuals, but established an equilibrium in the Victorian Budget.

The first of the two annual Soirées of the Royal Society, held on Wednesday, is less of a social function than the June show, to which ladies are invited. On the other hand, it has the reputation of a more rigidly scientific interest, as it is expected that the chief scientific novelties of the year shall be exhibited. From the general point of view the most interesting display was a collection of photographs, taken in natural tints according to the new secret Dansac-Chassagne process. Several series were exhibited, each beginning with an ordinary black-and-white plate and continuing to show the successive results of treatment with blue, green, and red solutions. The final results were marvellously perfect; in particular, the photograph of a child with a bright pink and white complexion, and highly-coloured garments, was strikingly life-like. Until the method has been divulged little may be said with certainty: but if the process is genuinely automatic, it cannot be doubted that the secret of photography in natural colours has been discovered.

The greatest success of the evening was a lecture demonstration by Professor Ayrton, F.R.S., the electrical expert, of some "Electrical and Mechanical Analogues." Those who are not practical electricians find it very difficult to understand the electrical conceptions involved in the familiar electrical appliances of the day. The Professor made some of these plain by beautiful pieces of ordinary physical apparatus. For instance, one mystery to the public is to realize how it is possible to send simultaneously along one wire a message from each end without any confusion in the receiving and despatching instruments. The possibility of this was explained by a device consisting of a cord stretched across the hall between two jointed levers acting against springs. An assistant at each end sent and received simultaneous Morse Code messages, and the least intelligent of the audience were able to follow the whole process. We should like to see some of these experiments repeated at the Royal Institution.

In the last month or two we have had several instances of the generosity of millionaires. True, these gentry have not sold all that they possessed, and have not given the proceeds to the poor; but still it is difficult to hear of the giving of thousands with equanimity. The Paris Rothschilds, it appears, gave £40,000 to the victims of the terrible fire at the Charity Bazaar in

Paris, and their liberality has been extolled accordingly in all the Jewish papers (and they are more numerous than most people imagine) in every European capital. At first the gift was declared to be anonymous, but within twenty-four hours the truth was permitted to be revealed; anonymity had achieved its purpose, and excited the keenest interest in the unknown donors. The Paris Rothschilds are, it is understood, very much richer than the London house, and it is within the truth to say that the clerk on £200 or £300 a year who gives a penny to a beggar, or puts the smallest silver coin in the plate on Sunday, deprives himself of more than did the Rothschilds of Paris when they gave £40,000. Furthermore it must not be forgotten that the Rothschilds, and other Jew millionaires, are decidedly unpopular in Paris, thanks to the unwearied efforts of M. Edouard Drumont and other journalists, and that it probably occurred to the Rothschilds that £40,000 given with immense advertisement would be an exceedingly cheap form of insurance. The generosity of the Rothschilds is still to be proven.

Then we hear that £25,000 has been given in one cheque to the Princess of Wales's Fund for a Jubilee dinner to the poor of London. Of course this gift was also to be anonymous, but now it is announced that the donor is Mr. Lipton, the well-known provision merchant, and the announcement is probably justified, for the language of the letter that accompanied the gift was so clumsy and awkward that we took it to be the language of Mr. Astor; still it may well be that of Mr. Lipton. And snobbishness in Mr. Lipton's case may be as efficient a motive as fear in the case of the Rothschilds; nor is the advertisement as an advertisement worthless, as Mr. Lipton knows—but where does the generosity appear? Mr. Lipton makes, we believe, about £160,000 a year out of his business. Twenty years ago he was a poor man selling provisions in a single room and his tastes are presumably not expensive. What is £25,000 to a man who has at least a couple of millions, and who could probably sell his business for three millions more? Mr. Lipton's generosity is still to be proved.

Then comes Mr. Bottomley, who gave the other day £250,000 to the victims of the Hansard Union. The good point about Mr. Bottomley is that he gave the money ostentatiously not as a charity, not as a reparation, but, as he said himself, as a "preparation." Mr. Bottomley wishes to enter the House of Commons: he thought that spending a quarter of a million in this way would benefit his reputation, and therefore he spent it; and Mr. Bottomley is no fool. The "Star" tells us that Mr. Bottomley is still recommending his West Australian schemes to thousands, and is recommending them more successfully since his large donation. It is quite possible, therefore, that Mr. Bottomley will find his quarter of a million a good investment in more senses than one. But still Mr. Bottomley does not pose as a philanthropist, and that is so much in his favour.

Now we come to the biggest gift of all, to the £400,000 given by Mr. Hooley to the poor of his district in Derbyshire. The cynic asserts that he gave it in order to ensure his election to Parliament. That may be true to some extent, though we understand that Mr. Hooley had already given so much in the district that his election was certain enough; but it cannot be the whole truth or even the chief part of the truth, for it is well known that £10,000 usually secures a safe seat, to say nothing of the fact that the party managers are always willing to give safe seats to rich men on principle—the principle of self-interest. We must take it then that Mr. Hooley gave £400,000 to charity without any dominating ulterior motive. We only wish he had given the money to founding a national theatre on the Thames Embankment, a theatre like the Théâtre Français at Paris, with a school attached for students of acting. England should be the University and Art-School of the English-speaking world. Four millionaires could complete the work if they only would.

BRITISH SHIPPING AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

IT is a matter for considerable surprise that the British mercantile marine should continue to expand in spite of the many restrictions imposed upon it by grandmotherly legislators and by the direct encouragement accorded by such countries as Germany, France and Italy to their own respective ships. But it has grown notwithstanding complaints as to low freights and unremunerative voyages, and the fact may be accepted as undeniable evidence of its vitality and of the general excellence of British steam and sailing vessels. A few figures will suffice to show how we stand now as compared with ten years ago, in relation not only to our own total tonnage and carrying trade, but to that of our various competitors. At the end of 1886 the capacity of all the ships in the world of 100 tons register and over was 21,507,856 tons, made up of 11,216,615 tons (net) sail and 10,291,241 tons (gross) steam. Of the total, British ships accounted for 11,165,092 tons, of which 9,410,924 tons belonged to the United Kingdom; leaving 10,342,764 tons for distribution among all the other maritime countries. The United States ranked second with 2,083,000 tons; Norway third with 1,492,400 tons; Germany fourth with 1,410,100 tons; France fifth with 1,056,800 tons, and Italy sixth with 900,590 tons. At the end of last year the world's aggregate had grown to 25,107,632 tons, being a net increase for the ten years, after allowing for vessels lost, broken up, &c., of 3,599,776 tons. Of this increase, 2,077,547 tons goes to the credit of Great Britain and its Colonies, and 2,707,033 tons to the credit of Great Britain alone, the Colonial tonnage in the decade having fallen away. The United States still holds second place with 2,164,700 tons; but Germany has displaced Norway from the third place with 1,886,812 tons against 1,659,012 tons. France, with 1,094,752 tons, has just contrived to keep ahead; while Italy, with no more than 778,941 tons, has actually fallen back. And with regard to the increase of both German and French tonnage, the improvement is due in some measure to acquisitions of new and second-hand vessels from this country. As shipbuilders, as well as ocean carriers, we not only lead, but we provide Europe and some other nations—Japan, for example—with a respectable proportion of their new tonnage. In 1896, merchant vessels of 1,159,751 tons were launched from British yards, whereas the total of all other countries did not exceed 408,131 tons. Of last year's British aggregate, 818,905 tons represented ships constructed for British owners, thus leaving 340,846 tons built for foreigners. Chief among these was Germany with 117,870 tons, the other principal purchasers being Russia with 34,524 tons, Norway with 28,303 tons, Denmark with 24,638 tons, and Japan with 24,621 tons. In Germany and France shipbuilding makes headway, and the former country especially has now attained to a high level of excellence in this science; but both have been very generously aided by bounties, and it is doubtful if France at least could continue to produce without this encouragement, which makes it almost impossible for a subsidized French vessel to lose money on any voyage. Almost all other nations—America excepted, and Americans would buy British ships if they were free to do so—buy more tonnage from British shipbuilders than they themselves launch in the course of any given year; and it is rather interesting that Germany's home-constructed tonnage in 1896 did not exceed 103,295 tons.

These figures may afford some consolation to Englishmen at a time when complaints—well-grounded complaints, too, many of them—are made of their defeat by foreigners in not a few departments of industry. Being possessors of the largest percentage of the world's tonnage, it is only natural that we should enjoy a large proportion of the world's carrying trade. British ports are open to foreign vessels on terms similar to those which rule for our own ships, while, on the contrary, some of the countries with which we have relations tax foreign vessels entering their ports more heavily than they do vessels flying their own flag. In spite of this dual drawback and our freeboard regulations, we continue to hold our own in the inward as well as the outward commerce of the

United Kingdom and in many of the principal neutral markets. The ships entered at British ports last year with cargoes represented 33,479,592 tons, of which 8,850,068 tons was foreign; and the tonnage cleared was 37,703,217 tons, of which 9,977,168 tons was foreign, leaving the British flag with 24,629,524 tons entered and 27,726,049 tons cleared. The respective British figures for 1894 were 22,726,548 tons entered out of a total of 31,141,126 tons for all nationalities, and 26,682,883 tons cleared out of a total of 35,777,732 tons; and for 1892, 21,356,067 tons entered out of 29,529,869 tons, and 25,063,725 tons cleared out of 33,943,825 tons. There are several points connected with the details which may not be altogether satisfactory, but the main consideration is that while the foreign tonnage entering our ports increased in the four years by 676,266 tons, British tonnage increased by 3,273,457 tons; and while the foreign tonnage which cleared rose by 1,097,068 tons, British tonnage rose by 2,662,324 tons. Germany and France, it may be observed, have both lost ground during the four years in the carrying of goods to and from the United Kingdom, but have counterbalanced this by expansion in other directions—of course to our detriment. More than one-fourth of our total entries and about one-sixth of our total clearances are with America. In the carrying trade between that country and other markets, British ships are also supreme. The tonnage of the vessels, exclusive of American, which entered at American ports in the twelve months ended June last, was 15,792,864 tons, of which 11,168,065 tons were British; and the tonnage which cleared was 16,084,986 tons, of which 11,365,196 tons were British. In the East, again, British supremacy is undoubted, if not in every instance equally noteworthy.

While we have sufficient reason to be proud of our mercantile marine, we cannot afford to ignore competition. The competition of foreign ships with British and of British ships with one another is becoming every day more severe. Not the least disquieting feature of the matter lies in the fact that foreigners who are not specially encouraged to build themselves can—and do—procure their ships at the same prices as British owners simply by giving their orders to builders on the Clyde, or the Tyne, or the Wear, or the Lagan, and that they are enabled to sail them more economically because they can load them deeper and use smaller crews than are permitted in the case of British ships. There are branches of the carrying trade which have been or are rapidly being lost entirely to us by these initial advantages which the foreigner possesses; and when all is considered, it is matter for surprise, as we have said already, that we contrive to make headway at all in the carrying as distinguished from the building side of the industry. In the science of building, too, some of our rivals have made an advance that is more than respectable considering how late in the day they began to build the "liner" and the steam and sailing "tramp": and in the future they are certain to injure us. Germany launched the other day a vessel designed to outsteam the best two steamers now in the Atlantic trade, and not long before sent to Australia the largest steamer that has hitherto crossed the Equator. Germany has some excellent and fast sailing ships—one of them, German built, the largest in the world—in the nitrate trade. In the California and Colonial trades, again, "Dutch" vessels compete with British; and in the Far East it is an old-standing complaint that they are obtaining an ever-increasing share of trade. Foreigners no less than Englishmen suffer from the over-supply of tonnage, which reduces freights. But it was foreign competition that brought down freights in the first instance, and now, having purchased English ships or themselves attained to a high degree of skill in building, foreigners stand on an equal footing with ourselves as regards the quality of the vessels they sail, while they still enjoy the advantages implied by the absence of restrictions.

A NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT was in 1839—two years after the Queen had ascended the throne—that Sir James Ross sailed in the "Erebus" and "Terror" to explore the unknown

regions about the Southern pole of the globe. The expedition was fitted out at the expense of the British Government, and the success of that famous voyage of exploration lent additional splendour to the opening years of the young Queen's reign. But it would almost seem as if Ross's discoveries had exhausted the popular interest in Antarctic exploration; for since the "Erebus" and "Terror" forced their way through the Polar pack no ship flying the British flag, except a stray whaler, has followed in their wake. It is easy to suggest explanations. Some indeed lie on the surface, and it is not difficult to understand why such enthusiasm as there has been during the Victorian era for Polar exploration has been turned in the direction of the North Polar area rather than towards the South. But of late years the necessity for a systematic exploration of the Antarctic region has been widely recognized and numerous projects have been mooted for giving practical shape to the suggestion. The Australasian Colonies are by their geographical position inclined to regard themselves as under a peculiar obligation in this matter, and while land was booming in Sydney and Melbourne and Colonial exchequers were overflowing with the proceeds of loans raised in London, there was much talk of the fitting out of expeditions with or without the assistance of the Mother-country. But the collapse of the land boom put an end, among other things, to the projects for spending money on Antarctic exploration. Since then the centre of energy has been in Europe rather than in Australia, though it is to paucity of means rather than to lack of interest in the Australasian Colonies that the change must be ascribed.

In Europe the agitation for a renewal of the work of systematic exploration of the South Polar area has not been confined to any one country. But there can be no question that it is to Great Britain that the scientists of all countries have looked to take the lead in the solution of what is essentially a naval problem. French, German, American, and Norwegian expeditions have visited outlying portions of the Antarctic area, and have collected valuable data on various branches of science, but something more than this desultory and incidental method of investigation is necessary. Such work of this kind as has been done in the Antarctic has been done mainly by the British Government, and it is not surprising that British scientists should look to the Government of the greatest naval Power in the world to undertake the further work of exploration for which it has such unrivalled resources. It is known that for some time past the various scientific bodies in Great Britain have, with practical unanimity, been pressing on the Government this view of its duty. It is now known that they have failed. At the annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, Sir Clements Markham, in his interesting review of the advance made by geography during the Queen's "record reign," announced that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty had definitely and finally expressed their regret that they could take no direct part in the organization of an Antarctic expedition, while they at the same time recognized the importance of such an expedition in the interests of science. This decision is, we think, to be regretted for several reasons—not the least of which is that it lends colour to the suggestion that the Government of to-day is less inclined than was the Government of fifty or sixty years ago to recognize that, apart from any question of mere utility, the investigation of the past history and present condition of the earth is a duty incumbent upon the civilized Governments of the world. Mr. Goschen may be assumed to have been personally favourable to the proposal, for it was he who as First Lord of the Admiralty was the Minister responsible for the equipment and despatch of the "Challenger" expedition, and we suspect that the opposition came mainly from the Treasury, though the ostensible reason put forward appears to have been that in the present uncertain state of international affairs it is not desirable to employ either ships or men on any extraordinary service. To this objection two replies are possible. In the first place, as Sir Clements Markham reminded us, wars and rumours of wars were not in former times, when our naval resources were infinitely less imposing, allowed to interfere with the work of exploration. "Captain Cook was sent on his

third voyage at a time when France, Spain, Holland and the American insurgents were all vainly banded together for our destruction. In the midst of the French revolutionary war Captain Vancouver was calmly surveying the intricate straits and sounds of New Albion, and Captain Flinders was exploring the shores of Australia." The second answer to the objection is that an Antarctic expedition affords in fact a splendid opportunity for the training and development of the qualities most essential in naval operations—coolness of judgment, quickness of decision and the faculty of dealing with novel situations.

But it is useless now to reopen a discussion which has been closed for the present by the decision of the Government. The practical question is whether private enterprise is to step in and undertake the responsibilities declined by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The desirability of a new expedition to the Antarctic is scarcely now in controversy. It has been affirmed by a Special Committee of the Royal Society, by the British Association and by the International Congress of Geographers which met in London two years ago, as well as by scientists of the highest reputation in every part of the world. There are problems in terrestrial magnetism which cannot be solved because we have no reliable data from one vast region of the earth's surface; the meteorology of the Antarctic is known only on the barest outlines; and nothing is known of the geology of that vast continent which is supposed to exist over a great part of the South Polar area. Is the task of supplying the information of which the scientific world stands in such need beyond the reach of private enterprise? It is fortunate that Englishmen are trained in the habits of self-help, and in this particular instance we are glad to know that the refusal of the Government to equip an expedition does not necessarily mean the abandonment of the enterprise. The President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society are, we may gather from Sir Clements Markham's address, willing to take the responsibility of organizing a national expedition. Two things are essential to success—the formulation of a practicable scheme and the possession of ample funds. The weight of instructed opinion leans, we believe, to the view that for a systematic survey of the South Polar area two specially equipped ships are necessary, and that observation stations should be established on such portions of the continental land as are found convenient. At these stations a staff of competent observers, furnished with all the appliances of modern science, would have to be maintained for one or two years, and land expeditions with snow-shoes and Nansen sledges would explore as much as possible of the continental mass which is believed to extend over the immediate neighbourhood of the South Pole. It is obvious that for an expedition planned on such a scale ample funds will be required, but there should be no difficulty in obtaining whatever funds are wanted if it is made clear that the money will be well spent.

THE HYMN OF ABDUL HAMID.

WHENE'ER Thy mosque I trod
I heard my sabre sigh,
"There is no God but God;
Believe in Him or die!"

"Abdul the Bless'd! You must
Pursue the Prophet's path!
Up! slake the eager lust
Of God's avenging wrath!"

Islam! a dreadful call!
Long, long I made delay.
"My back is at the wall;
Look, Lord; I stand at bay!"

"The eagles throng," I cried,
"Expecting me to die:
The Powers my throne deride;
I am the Sick Man, I!"

But there my troops were ranked,
A weapon to my hand;
And still my sabre clanked,
"Go forth, and purge the land!"

At last Mohammed's sword,
The Key of Heaven and Hell,
I drew; and at my word
A hundred thousand fell,

God-hated: in their day,
Foul cumberers of the earth;
Now theirs is ours; and they,
Fuel for Shetan's hearth.

Though journalists proclaimed
That things were at the worst;
Though Ministers were blamed;
Though poets sang and cursed;

Though priests in every church
Prayed God to shield the right,
God left them in the lurch:
They were afraid to fight!

Words, words they slung; while we,
Indifferent to the cost,
Fulfilled God's high decree
In slaughtering the lost.

The Powers blasphemed beneath;
Above Heaven smiled delight;
Ho! Europe gnashed her teeth;
And Greece began to bite.

They fell into the pit
They dug for our dismay;
The biter soon was bit;
The spoilers are our prey!

The Sick Man? No; the Strong!
Prestige is ours again!
God gives us a new song
Like sunshine after rain.

Grasping a shadow, lo,
The Dog has lost his bone—
The Christian Dog! Even so!
Allah is God alone!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A BECHUANALAND MORNING.

IT is a morning in early March, the rains are nearly over, and already one feels something of that indescribably sparkling and exhilarating atmosphere which characterizes South African winter. But even in summer, upon the high plateau-lands of British Bechuanaland—at an elevation of some 4,000 feet above the sea level—the heat of midday is seldom too much for the white man. The Englishman in this country—a country possessing upon the whole the finest climate in the world—can, during African summer-time, ride, shoot and carry on his farming and other operations without hindrance throughout the day. The nights are seldom very hot—in winter ten degrees of frost are sometimes registered—and in the open-air life of this bracing climate, though the region is close upon the tropic of Capricorn, the mere effort of living is a perennial pleasure. We quit our huts, then—mud-walled, grass-thatched, circular Bechuana huts, dwellings which cost about £2 apiece to put up—soon after sunrise on this clear morning, after refreshing sleep, and breathe the clean, lively atmosphere with a feeling of relish that never palls. In this part of the country, where the great rolling grass plains are pleasantly masked by forests of giraffe-acacia, bird life is pretty abundant. Already within our huts we have heard the sharp call of Orange River francolins—one of the numerous partridges of the country—near the pool of water in the river-course. As we emerge from our dwellings we set eyes upon half a dozen of the most charming wild doves in Africa, busily running hither and thither over the red, sandy soil, gathering crumbs, grain and grass seeds just outside the huts. These friendly little creatures—Namaqua doves they are called by colonists—are, as I think, the most charming doves in the world. Very diminutive in size—even with their long five-inch tails they measure no more than nine or ten inches in length—their dainty forms, beautiful colouring, ash-grey upon the top, ruddy upon the wings, the secondaries bluish with purple spots, the

throat, chin, cheeks and under-parts of glossy black, white and black barred tail, purplish pink legs and pink and orange bill, place these dainty, confiding little creatures among the most beautiful of African birds. Their deep, tender, cooing note is a sound that one never tires of listening to.

But we are in need of food for the evening stew-pot and are not inclined this morning to linger over the Namaqua doves. We pass the two tame baboons, Jack and Jenny, just now sitting upon their poles surveying the country, who greet us, at the mention of their names, with chattering grunts, and we bear to the right, down towards the junction of the two river-courses which meet hard by. These river-courses contain no running water, except, perhaps, for a day or two at a time during exceptionally heavy rains. Then they foam along breast high. During March and April a few pools stand here and there. From May till December, when the rains fall again, they are nearly dry. You may find a little water in one or two places by digging in the sandy bed, but it is tedious work, and the cattle and goats have to be moved elsewhere.

The question this morning is, shall we try for a big spur-winged goose or a duck or widgeon, in a piece of marshy ground a mile or so up the river to the left, or pick up a brace or two of francolin and bustard in the open grassy valley to the right? The marsh, just now brilliant with wild pink and white lilies, is rather tempting; but the ground is open and the spur-wings are hard to get without an elaborate drive, and so we decide this morning for "partridge" and "koorhaan." A steady old pointer ranges ahead. Already in the long, dew-laden, greenish-yellow grass one is wet through; but the sun soon licks up all this moisture, and by ten o'clock the veldt will be as dry as you please. In three hundred yards the dog is feathering about busily. Manifestly she is on the line of the partridges we heard calling so shrilly half an hour since. Another sixty yards and she stands stiffly at the point. It is my comrade's shot, and he moves forward. These francolins lie desperately close. Still the staunch dog stands motionless. At last! With a whirr a single bird rises from the grass not ten yards from my friend's feet. A little law, the trigger is pulled and the plump francolin hits the earth. At the report of the gun another bird springs from the long grass a little to the right. That too is secured without difficulty. The old pointer is well pleased so far; my friend gathers his birds and the dog resumes her business. It is very clear that she has not finished with the covey yet. Feathering eagerly, but very quietly, she comes my way now and presently stands again. I walk up, and at length the close-lying francolin is driven in sheer desperation to quit his concealment. I get an easy shot and bring down the game without difficulty. These Orange River francolins are superior in size to their near cousin, the English partridge, and are handsomer birds. They are very closely allied to the "red wing" francolins of Cape Colony, and, indeed, by the settlers of Bechuanaland are themselves usually called "red wings." They are very fair eating, but have the fault common to nearly all African game birds, of being dryer and less succulent eating than the game birds of our northern latitudes. There are no more francolins to be discovered here, the rest of the covey has made good its escape, somehow, and we walk on. We move now very quietly towards a long patch of bush fringing the open grassland, and we hope to get a shot at a steinbuck. We are not smart enough, however, this morning. A flash of bright rufous brown flies from the grass a hundred yards ahead, and a dainty steinbuck bounds lightly across the open and speedily finds shelter in the thick covert. We have No. 2 cartridges in our left barrels, but the shot is too far, and we desist.

Almost immediately a black and white koorhaan mounts clumsily upon the air, and with that harsh cackling for which these birds are infamously notorious, circles across our front. It is a longish shot—fifty yards—but trusting to the No. 2 shot and the choke-bore I let drive. This bustard offers a big target and is no very swift flyer, and so, hard hit, he crumples up limply, turns over and over in his descent, and hits the red earth with a resounding thud. Meanwhile the pointer is quartering hither and thither, hunting busily

for the hen bird. She stands at last, and my comrade goes quietly to the point. The hen koorhaan, unlike her noisy mate, rises from the veldt without a sound. Thirty yards and a fair target, and the bustard is ours.

The next head of game is of a different nature. Something not unlike a hare—we have hares in South Africa—moves in the long grass. I fire, and a monitor lies at its last kick as I approach. This huge lizard—more than three feet long—which looks at first glance like a young crocodile, is the white-throated monitor—a near kinsman of the monitor of the Nile. It is an uncanny-looking beast, with its smooth, snake-like head, but its strong, tough coat is worth having, so we mark the spot and move on.

Now we enter the forest. As we approach, brilliant rollers—blue jays as the colonists will call them—are flying hither and thither on their morning business. The flashing plumage of these wonderful birds, which we occasionally secure as specimens, with its mingling of greens, lilacs, violets, browns, and light and dark blues, is quite one of the most beautiful things in South African bird life. There are several of this family near the tropic of Capricorn; these in lower Bechuanaland belong to the species known as the lilac-breasted roller—Moselikatse's bird it is sometimes called, from the fact that Lobengula's redoubted father monopolized the long tail feathers for his own special ornamentation. Queer bizarre hornbills, with monstrous yellow bills, are also to be frequently seen as we traverse this piece of woodland. One more head of game we secure before reaching the huts again, after an hour and a half's tramp. This is a bush koorhaan, a strange silent bustard, with a ghost-like rise from the grass veldt, and a wavering, dodging flight among the thorn-trees not unlike that of a woodcock. A handsome bird this, with its deep black under-colouring, speckled back, and salmon-pink crest, from which, by the way, it gets its scientific name, *Otis ruficrista*. This is an excellent table bird, and is added to the modest bag with some pleasure.

We reach the huts again, with a modest supper secured. A wash, breakfast, and a pipe of good Transvaal tobacco well fit us for the perusal of the English mail, which a native lad has just brought in from the store and post office eighteen miles away.

H. A. BRYDEN.

PAINTING AT THE ACADEMY.

WE are slow to acknowledge that the masters of great periods had unmasterlike moments, but we are forced to see how unstable is contemporary talent. No man possessing the elements of greatness was ever more uncertain than Mr. Watts, and in time to come his admirers will probably explain that many of his pictures, among them a portrait in this Academy, have been grossly repainted by another hand. But there is a pleasanter side to this fact—namely, that a considerable number of painters who are condemned for nineteen attempts out of twenty to come short of success do in the twentieth make good their picture. It will be objected that such success can only be called accidental. But that is only saying in other words that such men are not masters. A master holds the strands of his talent, the reins of his team clearly and consciously, the thing he has done once he knows how to do again. The other man has no such clean hold; there is a fumble always at one point or another, but we can trace his intention through the unlucky, obscuring element. Such a man has his vision, but the picture itself gets in his light; he cannot detach himself from his work while he is doing it, and must wait till it is shown with others or put by for a time to recover his critical sense. He will perhaps take the same wrong turning a score of times, but once in a way things go right, the obstruction clears away, the cloud lifts, and he persuades us that there was a picture behind those disappointing failures which differed from it almost imperceptibly. One painter who is never very far away from success is Mr. Robert Noble, and almost at the entrance of the Academy is a landscape in which he does what he has often nearly done. His pictures have always been those of a sound painter, but frequently the technician has been uppermost, with a personal taste in brownish tone

and varnish that seemed excessive. His chosen effects meanwhile were getting worn to the bone under this preoccupation. But in this landscape the balance is set right. And how delicate it is! How many men in the Academy could find the grey in the shadow of these clouds, strike the blue of the sky against them, and grade it to the beautiful misty green and gold of the landscape? A picture like this makes up for many others not so good.

When satisfactory pictures are so rare one falls to speculating upon the case of those painters who go a long way towards success and yet for want of one quality or another come short. There are many absolutely successful painters in the Academy; men who never fail in what they attempt, who must be perfectly satisfied with their own work; but the success lies in so fundamentally wrong a direction, implies so rooted a delight in the ugly, that the more they succeed the less tolerable are their pictures. Of this sort are Messrs. H. W. B. Davis, Brett, Peter Graham. They are finished craftsmen, who have mastered their material and can carry through their chosen task without wincing; but the aspect of nature, the taste in colour and tone that lies beneath their masterpieces is one that would have set the teeth of acknowledged masters of painting on edge, if the evidence of their own work may be trusted. It is otherwise with painters of whom Mr. David Murray is the type. Here is a man evidently sensitive and intelligent up to a certain point; it is clear that he has looked at good painting and learned some of its lessons; he will fasten on the forms of the trees, the roads, the clouds that sympathize in a landscape, trace them out and combine them with delicacy. In place of the fundamental love of slaty or raw colour of Mr. Graham, he likes fresh tender colour like that of the autumn birch-trees and sky in his "Deeside." But he is too clever; he will not stop to learn the whole lesson; he thinks there is something to be said for the photograph too. Hence those topographies of Hampstead Heath and other places ("Mr. Murray has been spending his summer at . . ."; "has found subjects for his pencil in . . ."), with their superficial tribute to the graces, the selection and invention in minor parts, but never the fundamental travail that might create out of the stuff of Hampstead, Deeside, this, that, or the other place, a memorable picture like the landscapes of Crome. The critics are apt to be severe with Mr. Murray, and it is because he has learned the lesson so well up to the point where the greatest previous questions ought to present themselves to a painter, and because with all his cleverness he seems to go his way unconscious of the existence of answer and question alike. Mr. Tuke haunts about the regions of the picture with less jaunty confidence. The Lord has perhaps given him the same measure of sensitiveness as to Mr. Murray; but while Mr. Murray puts his talent out to usury, Mr. Tuke more often diffidently hides his in a napkin. No one looking at his picture of this year can doubt that he was captivated by a really beautiful thing—the contrast of pale flesh against the strange green and white of the rocks behind. But he has grown afraid or oblivious of his own discovery. His awkward youths have stuck their legs out in a fashion that must have yielded a continual undercurrent of worry. Then, no doubt, they changed their tone as the sun went out and in, and among all these worries the original thought wavered and discouragement covered it all. Mr. Tuke's personal sensitiveness is not backed by science of drawing or the necessary instinct of design, and therefore threatens to be of little use to him. All the virtue of his picture might have been expressed in a little note of three tones, and the stupidities of the modern studio training and ideas have put Mr. Tuke out of the way of making a picture upon such a hint.

But Mr. Tuke is not alone in missing the way and being under the necessity of painfully retracing it at the cost of time and pains. It is the common fate of the teachable student whose instincts are not clear enough to set him on the right road from the first. And there are examples of more headlong and violent driving from pillar to post. The education of Mr. Clausen has been one of the most edifying if also diverting spectacles of recent years. Here is the good man with abilities and a conscience ready to renounce bad habits when he is

told, but almost equally ready to follow a bad habit with religious devotion. With him may be ranged Mr. La Thangue, bettering himself with more reluctance, and Mr. Brangwyn, whose conversion to strong colour has upset Paris, Munich and Venice. These were giants of the period of the peasant child who stuck his boots in our faces, of the black open-air scene, of the square touch, with its halo of French wickedness, that first grieved and then conquered the Academy. In less flexible hands that game still goes on disregarded. But Mr. Clausen took warning, removed his peasants to a safer distance, renounced squareness and hatched over the lines of their boots and trousers. He, like Mr. Tuke, has his own angle of delight in natural beauty, flowery hayfields, sunlight upon the reapers, or the beams that filter in under the door of a barn. But he is not certain enough of his pleasure. "Study" will be the death of it if he does not take care, as if a man should forget himself in sipping his wine and fall to making a chemical analysis. Reaction against the square touch and anxiety not to miss a quaver of variation in colour or confusion of form are producing a new superstition of a wisp-touch and a sprinkle of one body into another. It is almost time to head Mr. Clausen off once more in this direction.

I should like to ask Mr. Clausen and Mr. Lorimer whether in their conflicting-light pieces they really find the blue of the window colour satisfactory when considered simply as decorative colour and contrasted with the reddish-brown of the artificial light. I am inclined to believe that realistic success in rendering the two illuminations in equipoise must be ugly. When we stand within the orange light and look out on the moonlight or dawn the blue is lovely: so when we look from the cold light at the warm. But I have never seen a disinterested rendering of the two lights at once in these proportions that was not disastrous in colour and distracting in effect. The case is typical of the many conflicts the picture must undergo in the wilderness of natural effects. Monet himself is an habitual student. Some of his pictures live in the memory as discoveries of beautiful things in nature—the white sails of yachts bathed in blue summer, the broken water of the bathing place, poplar leaves quivering up into the fairy key of sunset. But there is no virtue in the violet shadow if it makes an ugly violet in the picture, nor in broken colour if it chops up the forms of a face. Our domestic tragedians freshened the old fisher-cottage interior for some years by painting one cheek of every figure and teapot red and the other blue; and gave themselves incredible pains to do it, building partitions to peep through holes at the firelight and so forth. Mr. Gregory has given himself enormous trouble to treat a picture radically conceived as a Frith ("Boulter's Lock") with a dose of realistic-light study. The Frith foundation suffers from the new interest, and those yellows and blues cannot be called beautiful. I can appreciate the charm in the idea of Mr. Lorimer's graceful lady flitting across the moon spaces on the floor; I can appreciate the additional pathos in the drama of mother and sick child when the dawn enters, as in Mr. Clausen's piece; but I submit that these particular "studies" of effects do not result in beautiful colour.

I criticize sharply the work of men whose performances raise questions important for the students of our day, questions that must be debated in their own minds. The Academy is not rich in masters. It possesses in Mr. Orchardson a painter unsurpassed in Europe for certain intimate delicacies of drawing. When he has unravelled these in a face he will find others in a hand, or the corner of an ordinary writing-table. In Mr. Sargent we have a painter who can see with unusual justness the distance and the size, as well as the shape of a figure, make it of a piece, and give it a mundane liveliness that is not a grimace. How rare these powers of construction and vision are a glance round the galleries will prove, and the portrait of a lady with two children is grouped with uncommon felicity. The two men are almost complementary. Indifference overtakes Mr. Sargent when he has sketched the action and weighed the tone of a hand; Mr. Orchardson will linger over its form with hardly a thought of its tone. Mr. Orchardson produces an ensemble that looks like a stain on china, and too eagerly searches in lips and

eyes and the covers of pamphlets for pet colours: Mr. Sargent has no favouritism in colours, and prefers to be provoked to conflict by an extravagant tint, having, one would suppose, a faith that any given set of tints can be harmonized by a study and distribution of their tones.

Sir George Reid touched his high watermark in the "Professor Blackie," but his "Dr. Mitchell" has the look, rare on these walls, of being painted by a man. Strange that the painting Englishman exhibits so often a girlish or womanish taste of the more uncomfortable sorts, from the academic reserve of the prim nervous governess through types of sentimental expansiveness down to varieties of the hoyden.

D. S. M.

CONCERTS AND OPERA.

IN all the hurly-burly of the musical season there have recently been some half-dozen concerts worth attending and two opera performances. The Dolmetsch concerts, the piano-recitals of Messrs. Lamond and D'Albert, the Tchaikowsky concert in Queen's Hall last Saturday afternoon and the Mottl concert on Tuesday night—these were things to be grateful for at any time, and especially just now; and if one could not precisely feel grateful for "Aida" at Covent Garden on Thursday night, at least one listened with something approaching patience, since it re-introduced us to two young English singers of the highest powers, which powers have not yet been destroyed by that fell and indeed incurable disease, the conventions of Italian opera. Some day I must devote a whole article to Tchaikowsky and Mr. Wood's handsome manner of playing his music; and later on to-day I shall offer my humble views on the singers just mentioned; but first it is necessary to discuss the Mottl concert; for it surpassed in interest and in honesty and perfection of art all the operatic performances we are likely to hear until Mr. Higgins and Mr. Neil Forsyth see fit to take a whip apiece and drive into the wilderness of Kensington drawing-rooms all the prolonged-high-noters and fatuous footlighters whose intolerant and intolerable vanity and entire lack of artistic conscience so often mar the most hopeful opera evenings and make Covent Garden a mere cause of exasperation to all but the society dames who love to be ogled by the tenors and baritones whose views are otherwise.

The Mottl concert was in some respects the finest and most satisfying of the series: it was a stupendous triumph for Messrs. Mottl and Schulz-Curtius, almost as great a triumph for Messrs. Vogl, Wachter and Bispham, and a triumph and perhaps something of a humiliation for Wagner—a triumph because it revealed him as one of the most wonderful of all the masters of sheer musical effect on the highest plane, and a humiliation because it showed that when he talked of his music being incapable of producing the fullest effect detached from the stage and stage action he was talking the merest nonsense. This I shall return to in a moment: just now I am acutely conscious of the rudeness of keeping poor old M. Berlioz waiting, as if I were oblivious of the fact that his "Harold in Italy" symphony formed the first portion of the programme. This symphony, as every musical critic knows, was written for Paganini, who was supposed (in consequence of the peculiar French love of introducing stage-sensations into everyday life) to have presented Berlioz with a large sum of money at a time when the critic and would-be composer was nearly destitute. Now Paganini was rather meaner in money matters than a certain Academic with whom the late Sir Augustus Harris declined to have a second dealing after the first; he never dreamed of giving a fellow-artist anything, and possibly resented the credit of having done so; but Berlioz thought he had done so, and he in return tried to write the finest solo viola part imaginable in this symphony. It is undoubtedly a fine viola part: evidently every bar of it is by a master who knew how to get every inch of effect out of every instrument he wrote for; and gloriously played by Mr. Balling on the viola-alta, which is as much superior to the ordinary viola as the organ of St. Paul's is to a barrel-organ from Hatton Garden, it almost redeemed the rest of the symphony. But alas! it could not quite redeem it. The "Harold" symphony is programme music; and the programme is

an idiotic one. We are surely all tired to death now of the Byronic pose; we can surely see that the Byronic attitude towards life was partly an affectation and partly the result of an over-indulgence in alcohol and other nocturnal amusements; we can see that Byron was little more than a clever fellow who rarely wrote a line of poetry or anything better than stagey rhetoric, but who, when in an advanced state of inebriation, had a certain facility in delivering himself of smart sentences. The smart sentences are pleasant enough in their way; but when we are asked to admire Harold and his dull brain and dead feelings, and all the other indications of his physical, mental and moral decay, then we must draw the line. The creature is not higher but lower than average humanity; his gloom is not so much the result of "the curse of thought" as of the curse of strong liquor; his incapacity of joy is physical exhaustion; his want of sympathy is native snobbishness. In fact, while he is an intolerable cad he is also so patently an utter fool that it does not surprise me that Berlioz thought it worth while to write a piece of music expressing his feelings or lack of them: Berlioz was so constituted that an idea rarely appealed to him unless it was the idea of a tipsy raving lunatic, which the idea of Childe Harold most certainly is. And if the idea is absurd enough as presented by Byron, it is infinitely more absurd as presented by Berlioz. First we have Harold trying to experience a thrill amidst the moving splendours of mountain scenery; then we have him trying again as some pilgrims wander past, chanting their superstitions as they go; then he tries when a boor serenades the female boor whom he hopes to marry; and finally at a feast of bandits he goes so far as to try brandy and (so far as I can understand) dies of it. A brave programme, is it not?—the life of an unhealthy, exhausted, impotent soul—a soul that has squandered in youth the grand heritage of vitality which enables us to create, each for himself, a beautiful and glorious world to live in. When we contemplate him the only emotion he arouses is pity for his tragedy; and since pity is not to be indulged in freely with impunity he should have been dismissed in a single short movement—something in the style of Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette would have served admirably. Berlioz, however, thought or rather willed differently; and he worked out his programme with unrelenting thoroughness. Now no one would care a twopenny Academic for the programme if the music were beautiful; but is the music of "Harold in Italy" beautiful? I emphatically deny it; there are fine bits here and there; the viola part is eloquently written, though the eloquence sometimes degenerates into shabby rhetoric; and Berlioz had undoubtedly the trick of writing music which enables the true virtuoso to get incessant wonderful effects of colour; but grand or moving or picturesque melodies and passages are entirely absent. The musical scheme of the work, like the literary scheme, is astonishingly childish. In neither respect did Berlioz get ten seconds ahead of his time: he wrote fugues which any one might have written, and was proud of them; his pilgrim's march is cut and dried as a school-exercise; and his finale where, according to Mr. Ashton Ellis, that sapient Wagnerite, "crime runs as fast as brandy," is an incoherent series of rows. The whole and only possible effect of such music is a mad, unreasonable excitement, a kind of short-lived brain fever; and to produce this it requires to be played in a mad, unreasonable, feverish way. Unfortunately for Berlioz, fortunately for us, that way is not Mottl's. He played Berlioz with far more conscience than he has sometimes placed at the disposal of Beethoven; he made the most of details, and insisted on those noisy passages in the last movements, which ought to be got over almost before they can be understood—ought to dazzle like an unexpected lightning flash—being defined and phrased with the accuracy and sharpness that one wishes for in a Bach fugue. The result was weight and dreariness and weariness. But somehow the thing was got through; and when Mottl began with the "Parsifal" music—the second half of the last act—it was impossible not to feel the relief of getting into a fresh atmosphere. Here loveliness, modern thought and feeling, not to mention absolutely splendid musicianship, prevail. Some people cannot grasp the

drama of "Parsifal," much as negroes can go to a certain point in mathematics and find the next step impossible; others—those strange beings who want to see everything in a clear cold light—by reason of temperament can never know the beauty, and the value even in modern life, of mysticism and the dim half-lights of the spirit. Heaven forbid that I should wish any one to degenerate into a mystic! "Parsifal" is great because it is miraculously beautiful and because it expresses a state of the spirit which we have all experienced, which it is well we should experience—and for no other reasons than these: certainly not because of any teaching or lesson to be derived from it. It does not sum up Wagner's final view of life: Wagner was far too wise ever to form a final view to give; and if he had it certainly was not that men should live in brotherhood and that the last woman in the world-drama should die before their redemption could be considered complete. That view may commend itself to Wagner's Bayreuth followers; but I steadily persist in believing that Wagner was far too healthy to have dreamed of adopting it. He had expressed intense sexual passion in "Tristan"; and in "Parsifal" he merely expressed the spiritual reaction that inevitably follows sexual passion. Such a state of exaltation and holiness is perhaps not too healthy; and my readers may be recommended, for the sake of their own peace of mind, and of preserving their contentment with the sphere of activity in which all the forces of the universe have conspired to place them, not to hear "Parsifal" more than once for every fifty times they hear "Tristan." And Bayreuth, it may be noted, has taken good care that "Tristan" may be played fifty times for every once it gives "Parsifal." But I doubt whether, heard at Bayreuth, the perfection of the ending, simply as music, could be realized as it was realized in Queen's Hall on Tuesday night. Tune after tune of an almost unexampled loveliness is poured forth and blends with other tunes just as lovely until at last the air seems full of sheer music; and as the tunes twine round each other the most beautiful changing harmonies and vanishing shades of instrumental colour are evolved. And Mottl's playing of the piece was one of the luckiest things he has ever given us. It must be said that this crown of the evening was well prepared for by the singing of Messrs. Wachter and Vogl. Mr. Vogl was not perhaps in quite so fine a vein as he was at the previous concert; but he went through a difficult part deftly and with rare understanding of the meaning of the music. Mr. Wachter also acquitted himself heroically. He is a young bass who, if he will cultivate a more lyric style in place of the Bayreuth dramatic style in which he indulges too freely at present, will certainly make an immense reputation, for he has one of the finest voices of this generation.

But for the reappearance of Miss Susan Strong and for the first operatic appearance in England of Miss Marie Brema, the Covent Garden season has so far been utterly insignificant. Excepting "Tannhäuser" no work of the first rank has been given; and Miss Brema and Miss Strong were put to no better use than to play in Verdi's "Aida." And as if "Aida" was not old-fashioned enough, the sapient syndicate must needs drag "The Huguenots" from its grave. I declare myself the mortal enemy of a syndicate that produces "The Huguenots," that quintessence of mid-century vulgarity and depraved taste; and withal the maddest, most muddleheaded opera the world has ever seen. Of course Covent Garden pleads that old subscribers want it; and of course it is difficult to refuse old subscribers; but weakness on this point will prove fatal. Covent Garden's only chance of surviving lies in obliging the younger generation. In a few years the older generation will be gone—the generation that discerned a distinct plot in "The Huguenots" and none in "Parsifal," and found "Robert the Devil" moral and "The Valkyrie" immoral; and the younger generation will have got the idea, an idea that will never be driven out, that Covent Garden is old-fashioned beyond hope of redemption. If "The Huguenots" must be sung, why not open the theatre half an hour earlier for several consecutive nights and do a bit of it each night before the regular opera for the benefit of those who care to come in time? This plan would have the great

advantage of making a performance of all the acts possible; and if the management would do this and also accept my suggestion to give the acts in the order, five, four, two, three, one, I venture to think that the opera would prove much more effective. But it would be better to leave it alone altogether. It is more satisfactory to turn to "Aida," which, if not a fine opera, has at least some merits, and is not compounded wholly of stupidity and a downright love of the ugly. Moreover, it actually affords singers who can act a few opportunities of proving that they have not been trained in the Italian school; and of these opportunities both Miss Strong and Miss Brema took full advantage last week. After her performance, all things considered, Miss Brema must be placed as the finest operatic artist now at Covent Garden, and indeed it would be hard if not impossible to find her superior in Europe. Her voice is rich and susceptible of endless modulations—I don't use the word, Messieurs my brethren, in the technical sense; she has brain to know what should be done with it and skill to do it, and a keen enough sense of the beautiful to prevent her over-doing it; she has rare passion and energy and can put them into her acting. Madame Calvé is the only singer she can be compared with; and if Madame Calvé has powers which Miss Brema does not possess, Miss Brema has a degree of sheer strength and a dignity of gesture of which Madame Calvé has nothing. Miss Strong has the lovelier voice, but neither in using it, nor in using gesture economically and powerfully, does she yet approach Miss Brema so closely as she possibly will later. Still, Miss Strong is leagues in front of the average Covent Garden soprano; and if the management does not at once recognize her merits and make full use of her, so much the worse for the management and for opera in England. These two artists are infinitely superior to the host of ladies who are accepted as first-rate singers by stalls, boxes and gallery because their names end in *i* or *o*; and if they were given the leading parts in the best operas they alone would do much to revive opera, and to dispel the notion that it is run entirely to please a few people who subscribe merely to have a convenient place to talk in. While I am taking on myself to lecture Messrs. Forsyth and Higgins, let me point out that the scenery is not always all it might be: for instance, the rocks in the third act of "Carmen" were preposterous, and on the opening night, and perhaps since, the backcloth in the garden scene of "Faust" showed lamentable traces of weather. Moreover, the lights are not used so as to produce any stage illusion: a slowly deepening twilight is apparently got by a number of gas jets being turned off abruptly at intervals; while the dawn and sunrise are managed by the primitive plan of turning on the whole battery of gas jets and electric lights at once. There is much to be said in dispraise of Bayreuth, and I have said it somewhat strongly; but at least Bayreuth has shown us how to get effects of storm, dawn and coming night; and Covent Garden might usefully send its stage-manager there to learn something. A single scene managed as well as they manage the last act of "The Valkyrie" would rouse all London to frantic enthusiasm. And—one last point—why should the chorus invariably have dirty faces? Great lords and ladies in the olden time may have been a little lacking in cleanliness; but realism in this detail seems misplaced; and I cannot help thinking that if the men were told to shave and wash twice instead of once in a fortnight, and the women to wash more frequently and pay some small attention to their hair, many scenes would gain in brilliance and effectiveness. I know that all this is rather like fault-finding; and I have no desire to find faults. But when they stare one in the face and can be so easily remedied; and when to rectify them means such great gain and to leave them unamended such great loss, the musical critic who pretends not to see them is not playing fair with his victims.

J. F. R.

IBSEN TRIUMPHANT.

CAN it possibly be true that "The Hobby Horse" was produced so recently as 1886? More amazing still, was this the comedy—comedy, mark you—which suggested to me just such hopes of Mr. Pinero's future

as others built upon "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," both of which I condemned as relapses into drawing-room melodrama. Going back to it now after an interval of ten years, I find it, not a comedy, but a provincial farce in three acts, decrepit in stage convention, and only capable of appearing fresh to those who, like myself, can wrench themselves back, by force of memory, to the point of view of a period when revivals of "London Assurance" were still possible. What makes the puerilities of the play more exasperating nowadays is that it is clear, on a survey of the original production and the present revival, that Mr. Pinero was not driven into them by any serious deficiency in the executive talent at his disposal. In Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare he had two comedians for whose combined services an unfortunate modern dramatic author might well sacrifice half his percentage. Yet the part of Spencer Jermyrn is made so easy that one may well ask the people who rave about Mr. Hare's performance as a masterpiece of art what they suppose really difficult acting to be. And imagine Mrs. Kendal condemned to make London laugh by pretending to treat a grown-up stepson as a little boy, arranging his hair, telling him not to be afraid, that she will not punish him, and so forth! One gasps at these things nowadays. They may be pardonable in the part of Shattock, who, as comic relief—for even comedy in England must have comic relief—is not expected to do or say anything credible or possible; but here they were thrust into the part of the heroine, enacted by the most accomplished actress in London. What sort of barbarians were we in the days when we took this sort of thing as a matter of course, and made merry over it?

And yet I was right about "The Hobby Horse." It has character, humour, observation, genuine comedy and literary workmanship in it as unmistakably as "The Benefit of the Doubt" has them. What is the matter with the play is the distortion and debasement of all its qualities to suit the childishness and vulgarity of the theatre of ten years ago. It will be asked scornfully whether the theatre of to-day is any better—whether "The Red Robe," for instance, is half as good as "The Hobby Horse"? Before answering that, let me compare "The Hobby Horse" with "The Princess and the Butterfly"! Could Mr. Pinero venture nowadays to present to the St. James's audience, as comedy, the humours of Mr. Shattock and the scene between Lady Jermyrn and her stepson? You may reply that the author who has given us the duel in "The Princess and the Butterfly" is capable of anything; but I would have you observe that the duel is a mere makeshift in the plot of "The Princess," whereas the follies of "The Hobby Horse" are presented as flowers of comedy, and—please attend to this—are actually very good of their kind. That such a kind should have been the best of its day—nay, that the play should have suffered in 1886 because its comedy was rather too subtle for the taste of that time—is a staggering thing to think of. But I am prepared to go further as to our improvement by embracing even the comparison with "The Red Robe" in support of my case. The nineteenth-century novel, with all its faults, has maintained itself immeasurably above the nineteenth-century drama. Take the women novelists alone, from Charlotte Brontë to Sarah Grand, and think of them, if you can, in any sort of relation except that of a superior species to the dramatists of their day. I unhesitatingly say that no novelist could, even if there were any reason for it, approach the writing of a novel with his mind warped, his hand shackled, and his imagination stultified by the conditions which Mr. Pinero accepted, and even gloried in accepting, when he wrote "The Hobby Horse." The state of public taste which turns from the first-rate comedies of the 'eighties to dramatizations of the third-rate novels of the 'nineties is emphatically a progressive state. These cloak-and-sword dramas, at their worst—if we have reached their worst, which is perhaps too much to hope—are only bad stories badly told: if they were good stories well told, there would be no more objection to them on my part than there is at present on that of the simple people for whom they are not too bad. But the sort of play they are supplanting, whether good or bad, was a wrong sort: the more craftily it was done the more hopelessly wrong it

was. The dramatists who had mastered it despised the novelists, and said, "You may sneer at our craft, but let us see you do it yourselves." Just the sort of retort a cardsharp might make on a cardinal.

I need hardly go on to explain that Ibsen is at the back of this sudden explosion of disgusted intolerance on my part for a style of entertainment which I suffered gladly enough in the days of the Hare-Kendal management. On Monday last I sat without a murmur in a stuffy theatre on a summer afternoon from three to nearly half-past six, spellbound by Ibsen; but the price I paid for it was to find myself stricken with mortal impatience and boredom the next time I attempted to sit out the pre-Ibsenite drama for five minutes. Where shall I find an epithet magnificent enough for "The Wild Duck"? To sit there getting deeper and deeper into that Ekdal home, and getting deeper and deeper into your own life all the time, until you forget that you are in a theatre at all; to look on with horror and pity at a profound tragedy, shaking with laughter all the time at an irresistible comedy; to go out, not from a diversion, but from an experience deeper than real life ever brings to most men, or often brings to any man: that is what "The Wild Duck" was like last Monday at the Globe. It is idle to attempt to describe it; and as to giving an analysis of the play, I did that seven years ago, and decline now to give myself an antiquated air by treating as a novelty a masterpiece that all Europe delights in. Besides, the play is as simple as "Little Red Ridinghood" to any one who comes to it fresh from life instead of stale from the theatre.

And now, what have our "passing-craze" theorists to say to the latest nine-days' wonder, the tremendous effect this ultra-Ibsen play has just produced eight years after the craze set in? As for me, what I have to say is simply, "I told you so."

We have by this time seen several productions of "A Doll's House," three of "Rosmersholm," and two of "The Wild Duck." The first performances of "A Doll's House" (Mr. Charrington's at the Novelty) and of "Rosmersholm" (Miss Florence Farr's at the Vaudeville) gave the actors such an overwhelming advantage as the first revealers to London of a much greater dramatist than Shakspeare; that even the vehemently anti-Ibsenite critics lost all power of discrimination, and flattered the performers as frantically as they abused the plays. But since then the performers have had to struggle against the unreasonable expectations thus created; and the effect of the plays has been sternly proportionate to the intelligence and skill brought to bear on them. We have learnt that an Ibsen performance in the hands of Lugné Poe or Mr. Charrington is a perfectly different thing from one in which there is individual talent but practically no stage management. M. Lugné Poe established his reputation at once and easily, because he was under no suspicion of depending on the genius of a particular actress: his "Rosmersholm" with Marthe Mellot as Rebecca had the magic atmosphere which is the sign of the true manager as unmistakably as his "Master Builder" with Suzanne Auclair as Hilda. But Mr. Charrington, like Mr. Kendal and Mr. Bancroft, has a wife; and the difference made by Miss Janet Achurch's acting has always been much more obvious than that made by her husband's management to a public which has lost all tradition of what stage management really is, apart from lavish expenditure on scenery and furniture. But for that his production of Voss's "Alexandra" would have established his reputation as the best stage manager of true modern drama in London—indeed the only one, in the sense in which I am now using the words: the sense, that is, of a producer of poetically realistic illusion. Now, however, we have him at last with Miss Janet Achurch out of the bill. The result is conclusive. The same insight which enables Mr. Charrington, in acting Relling, to point the moral of the play in half a dozen strokes, has also enabled him to order the whole representation in such a fashion that there is not a moment of bewilderment during the development of a dramatic action subtle enough in its motives to have left even highly trained and attentive readers of the play quite addled as to what it is all about. The dialogue, which in any other hands would

have been cut to ribbons, is given without the slightest regard to the clock; and not even the striking of six produces the stampede that would set in after a quarter-past five if the play were a "popular" one. That is a real triumph of management. It may be said that it is a triumph of Ibsen's genius; but of what use is Ibsen's genius if the manager has not the genius to believe in it?

The acting, for a scratch company, was uncommonly good: there was mettle in it, as there usually is where there is good leadership. Mr. Lawrence Irving, who played Relling to Mr. Abingdon's Hjalmar Ekdal at the first production of the play by Mr. Grein, handed over Relling to Mr. Charrington, and played Hjalmar himself. In all dramatic literature, as far as I know it, there is no other such part for a comedian; and I do not believe any actor capable of repeating the lines intelligibly could possibly fail in it. To say therefore that Mr. Irving did not fail is to give him no praise at all: to say that he quite succeeded would be to proclaim him the greatest comedian in London. He was very amusing, and played with cleverness and sometimes with considerable finesse. But though he did not over-act any particular passage, he overdid the part a little as a whole by making Hjalmar grotesque. His appearance proclaimed his weakness at once: the conceited ass was recognizable at a glance. This was not right: Hjalmar should impose on us at first. The fact is, we all have to look much nearer home for the originals of Ibsen's characters than we imagine; and Hjalmar Ekdals are so common nowadays that it is not they, but the other people, who look singular. Still, Mr. Irving's performance was a remarkable achievement, and fairly entitles him to patronize his father, as an old-fashioned actor who has positively never played a leading Ibsen part. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, as Gregers Werle, confirmed the success he made in "A Doll's House" as an Ibsen actor—that is, an actor of the highest class in modern drama; but considering the length of the play, he was too free in his use of repetitions and nervous stumblings to give an air of naturalness and spontaneity to his dialogue. Miss Kate Phillips, who made her Ibsen debut as Gina, was quite as natural; and yet she never wasted an instant, and was clear, crisp and punctual as clockwork without being in the least mechanical. I am on the side of smart execution: if there are two ways of being natural in speech on the stage, I suggest that Miss Phillips's way is better than the fluffy way. As to her impersonation of Gina, Nature prevented her from making it quite complete. Gina is as unique in drama as Hjalmar. All Shakespeare's matrons rolled into one, from Volumentia to Mrs. Quickly, would be as superficial and conventional in comparison with Gina as a classic sybil by Raphael with a Dutch cook by Rembrandt. That waddling housewife, with her practical sense and sympathy, and her sanely shameless insensibility to the claims of the ideal, or to any imaginative presentment of a case whatever, could only be done by Gina herself; and Gina certainly could not act. If Miss Phillips were to waddle, or counterfeit insensitiveness, or divest her speech of artistic character, the result would only be such a caricature as a child gives of its grandmother, or, worse still, something stage-Shakespearean, like her Audrey. She wisely made no attempt to denaturalize herself, but played the part sincerely and with the technical skill that marks her off, as it marks Mrs. Kendal and her school off, from our later generation of agreeable amateurs who do not know the A B C of their business. Once, in the second act, she from mere habit and professional sympathy played with her face to a speech of Hjalmar's which Gina would have taken quite solidly; but this was her only mistake. She got no laughs of the wrong sort in the wrong place; and the speech in which the worried Gina bursts out with the quintessence of the whole comedy—"That's what comes when crazy people go about making the claims of the what-d-yer-call-it"—went home right up to the hilt into our midriffs. Mr. Welch's Ekdal left nothing to be said: it was faultless. Mr. Charrington played Relling with great artistic distinction: nobody else got so completely free from conventional art or so convincingly behind the part and the play as he. The only failure of the cast was Molyik, who was well made up,

but did not get beyond a crude pantomimic representation of sickness and drunkenness which nearly ruined the play at the most critically pathetic moment in the final act. Mr. Outram was uninteresting as Werle: the part does not suit his age and style. Miss FFolliott Paget was a capital Mrs. Sörby.

Miss Winifred Fraser not only repeated her old triumph as Hedwig, but greatly added to it. The theatre could hardly have a more delicate talent at its service; and yet it seems to have no use for it. But Miss Fraser need not be discouraged. The British public is slow; but it is sure. By the time she is sixty it will discover that she is one of its best actresses; and then it will expect her to play Juliet until she dies of old age.

And this reminds me that I wandered away from "The Hobby Horse" without a word as to the acting of it. Mrs. Kendal, always great in comedy, had an enchanting way of making Mrs. Jermyn's silliness credible and attractive. Miss May Harvey is far too clever and too well acquainted with Mrs. Kendal's methods to be at any great loss in replacing her; but she is no more specifically a comedian than Jane Hading is; and her decisive opportunity as an actress will evidently come in much more intense work. In technical skill she is far above the average of her generation—a generation, alas! of duffers—and I have no doubt that she will play a distinguished part in the theatrical history of the 'nineties and 'twenties. The lady who plays Miss Moxon cannot touch Mrs. Beerbohm's Tree's inimitable performance in that inglorious but amusing and lifelike part. On the other hand, Mr. Fred Kerr has made the solicitor his own for ever. His acting is irresistibly funny, not because it is unscrupulously bad, as funny acting often is, but because it is perfectly in character and as good of its kind as can be. An actor of Mr. Kerr's talent should not be allowed to waste himself on Miss Browns and Jedbury Juniors and such stuff. Mr. Gilbert Hare has improved greatly, and is now as welcome for his own sake as he formerly was for his father's. Mr. Groves of course does what can be done with the impossible but laughable Shaddock; and the "pushin' little cad" whom he denounces, though *persona muta* and unnamed in the bill, is richly endowed by Nature for his humble part.

"Secret Service" at the Adelphi, with a smart American cast, is pure regulation melodrama. The fact that it is brightly and imaginatively done in the American style, instead of stupidly and only half literally in the Strand style, has imposed ludicrously on the English critics; but the article is the old article, only more aggressively machine-made than our clumsy hands would have left it. It has a capital situation, in Mr. Gillette's best style, at the end of the second act. But this, like all the other situations, takes a huge deal of leading up to, and leads to nothing itself, being so speedily forgotten that before half an hour has elapsed the heroine quite forgets that it has involved, apparently, an act of fratricide on the part of the hero. The hero, by the way, is a spy; and why the intelligent gentleman (the only sensible man in the piece) who objects to him should be execrated as a villain, whilst all the rest rally round their betrayer and want to shake his hand repeatedly, is more than I can quite understand. I cannot even plead for him that—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood;

And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true;

for he first spies on the South and then, at the critical moment, betrays the North for purely personal reasons. Altogether an unredeemed rascal. But Mr. Gillette plays him with so manly an air that the audience does not stop to ask what it is applauding; and everybody seems delighted. I confess I was disappointed; for I am an admirer of Mr. Gillette's "Held by the Enemy," which seemed to me a new departure in melodrama and an excellent play into the bargain. His "Secret Service" is certainly not to be compared to it. A Miss Odette Tyler almost bewitched us into believing that the comic relief was funny, especially in the scene with the telegraph operator (Mr. W. B. Smith, I presume—there are several operators in the bill), who acted excellently.

Messrs. John Lart and Charles Dickinson's "Court of Honour" must be a most thrilling and moving drama

to those who, unlike myself, can place themselves at its evangelico-romantic point of view. I particularly admired the resolution and professional skill with which Miss Calhoun fought her way through a part which would have crushed any actress of no more than ordinary leading-ladyship.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE general relief felt at the termination of the war in the East has about spent its force; and, although the Foreign Market is still buoyant and the tone everywhere is cheerful, the tendency, in view of the settlement next week, is rather to take profits than to run prices up further. This, we think, is the right policy as regards all first-class securities. Money can hardly become cheaper than it is now. Consols have almost recovered their record quotation of 114, and Home Railway stocks are surely high enough already. As for American Railways, they are utterly discredited alike by investors and speculators. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find the public, encouraged by the improved political atmosphere in the Transvaal, venturing once more into the Kaffir Market. Here also, we think, they are right. The prices of the leading mines are not yet as high as they were last January, and are in most cases considerably below the real value of the shares. For example, Crown Reefs, which we have steadily recommended for months past as a profitable investment, now stand at 11½. It may safely be estimated that the dividend for the current year will be at the rate of 180 per cent., which would yield the investor 15 per cent. per annum, even if the buying price were as high as 12. And if it be the fact, as we are informed, that the Transvaal Government intends abolishing the Dynamite monopoly, and also achieving a satisfactory settlement of the Railway and Liquor difficulties, it is certain that the above estimate will be materially exceeded. Ferreiras are another stock that we commended to the notice of our readers when the buying price was under 16; they can still be bought at 19, and any one who takes the trouble to examine the last report and to watch the periodical returns of crushings can satisfy himself that a price of 30 would much more nearly represent their actual value. Failing unforeseen political complications—and just now the horizon seems clear enough all round—it does not require much boldness to predict a material advance in the course of the next few weeks in all the best South African mining securities, and in some cases even we are likely to see again the prices which obtained before the raid.

The news that Mr. George Farrar and his brother are prepared to advance £75,000 to the East Rand Company for development purposes rather alters the complexion of affairs. The money will, we understand, be lent at the rate of 6 per cent., and will be sufficient, according to Mr. Farrar, to carry the mines over till the end of the year or well into 1898; and the Bond for £375,000, which will have to be dealt with next March, will, we are assured by the same authority, be met without difficulty. At Driefontein, where there are 120,000 tons of ore in sight, crushing will be commenced before the end of the year, while the production of the Angelo and New Comet Mines is stated to be increasing satisfactorily. Mr. Farrar is undoubtedly a gentleman of remarkable energy, and we shall be glad to see these favourable prognostications realized.

Chatham Ordinary shares, to which we have previously referred, have steadily improved in price during the past week. We hear 2 per cent. is expected on the Second Preference for the current period, and if good times continue, there is every reason to anticipate the full amount of dividend next year. In 1889, the last year of great prosperity, the Ordinary Stock stood seven points higher than at present. The rapid improvement of this line fully entitles its Ordinary stock to rank as high as either Districts or Sheffield Deferred. The only drawback to continued progress is the fear that further capital will have to be raised to improve the permanent

way, the railway stations, and above all the rolling stock, which could not possibly be much worse.

Dock shares have of late been attracting considerable attention, and some of the better-class securities have had substantial rises. Among these are East and West India Dock Ordinary, London and St. Katharine Ordinary, and Millwall Dock Capital stock, of which perhaps the last possesses the greatest possibilities of improvement. The price is about 65-67, and it is anticipated that the dividend for the current half-year will be 2½ per cent., as compared with 2 per cent. for the corresponding period of 1896. The capital is moderate, and only £3,000 is required to pay an extra 1 per cent.; so that the prospects are very favourable. It is estimated that the amount of business for the first half of this year will be the highest on record; and at its present price Millwall Capital stock yields about 4½ per cent. to the investor.

A Foreign Office report which has just been published on the trade of the Piræus during last year contains an interesting comparison of the Greek Budgets for the current year and for 1896. The revenue for this year is put down at 95,343,939 drachmæ, or considerably under £4,000,000 sterling. As compared with 1896, this represents a nominal increase of 1,532,600 drachmæ. The expenditure is estimated at 93,852,565 drachmæ, or an increase of 3,662,056 drachmæ. The totals are beggarly at best, and they have been completely upset by the events of the past few weeks. The revenue will be very much below the estimate and the expenditure very much above it. The sum apportioned for the service of the Public Debt this year is 21,690,805 drachmæ, which presumably cannot be found if an indemnity is to be paid to Turkey. Greece has already abrogated 70 per cent. of her foreign obligations. Probably one result of the war will be that she will find herself compelled, for a time at least, to abandon payment of interest even on the balance: in which case it is to be hoped that something will come of the suggestion for international control over the country's finances and for the curtailment of its heavy expenses for war purposes.

The position is rendered all the more unsatisfactory by the steady diminution of the country's trade. The value of the imports has increased from £3,659,397 in 1893 to £4,526,496 in 1896. In the same time the value of the exports has decreased from £3,521,354 to £2,799,577. The largest rise in imports occurs in textiles, last year's figures being £918,141, as compared with £526,003. The heaviest decrease in exports occurs in currants. While the quantity has gone up from 138,460 tons to 155,754 tons, the value has gone down from £1,850,986 to £928,327, or about one half. The British proportion of Greek trade is a constantly diminishing factor. Exports to the United Kingdom in 1891 were worth 49,800,487 gold francs: last year they did not exceed 16,833,000. Imports from Great Britain have been going down for twenty years past, and Consul Maxse fears they will be still further reduced in the future. Germany has improved her position in both directions, and now sends machinery, paper, and other commodities which were formerly almost exclusively bought from us. However, it is matter for consolation in regard to the future of the country that in some directions the Greeks are making headway. Greek cotton and woollen goods are appreciably affecting the imports from Great Britain. In the manufacture of soap, beet-sugar, cheese and other articles they can also boast of an appreciable advance; and we learn that the market for first-class boots and shoes is now entirely supplied by native produce. Greek shipping appears to be in a fairly healthy condition. A census taken last year shows that the population numbers 2,430,807, as compared with 2,187,208 seven years ago. After her humiliation at the hands of Turkey, Greece will now be forced to remain quiet for a few years, and this may not improbably prove a blessing in disguise. Possibly she may in the meanwhile do something to develop her internal resources.

We have received some figures bearing upon the recent progress of Germany in the manufacture of

textiles. Last year's census of the working classes in that country gives the number of individuals employed in the textile factories as 1,017,112, as compared with 932,592 in 1882. Since 1883 the number of male employees has decreased from 582,070 to 552,230. Females, on the other hand, have increased from 350,522 to 464,316. As a result of this growing industry, the factories are being remodelled and built on the most improved plans. Proof of the development during the past thirteen years is found in the fact that in 1882 4,178,320 double hundredweights of raw material were imported, while last year the figure stood at 8,230,230. Exports in the same time have gone up by 335,838 double hundredweights. Best of all, the German mills contrive to make big profits. Here are a few typical dividends for last year:—North German Wool Combing and Worsted Spinning Company, Bremen, 20 per cent.; Augsburg Worsted Spinning Company, 11½ per cent.; Spires Cotton Spinning Company, 6 per cent.; Bremen Jute Company, 15 per cent.; New Cotton Spinning Company, Hof, 17½ per cent.; Saxon Worsted Spinning Company, Harthau, 7½ per cent.; German Jute Company, 12 per cent.; New Bayreuth Cotton Spinning Company, 10 per cent., &c. The German cotton spinning results compare more than favourably with those of Oldham.

The air has been redolent lately of Eastern loans. We had to notice a preliminary application for 40,000,000 yen put forward last week by Japan. This week two are reported from China. One of these is reported to have been negotiated with a Belgian syndicate, on conditions implying a monopoly of construction of the projected trunk railway. The British and German Ministers, however, are said to oppose these terms, and the matter is still in abeyance.

Then there is a rumour of a loan of £16,000,000, respecting which a preliminary contract is said to have been signed, under conditions that are still less clear. That China will have to come forward again as a borrower before long may be taken for granted; but it is not at all clear what security she can offer just now for these large sums.

A railway concession is worth no more in China than in India, and India had to guarantee interest instead of conceding the right of railway construction as a favour. Similarly it has been considered that the Customs revenue is the only sufficiently sound security China has to offer for an independent loan. Does sufficient remain unappropriated after previous borrowings to afford security for another £16,000,000? If not, we should doubt the public coming forward to take up the amount.

There was rushed through the Japanese Diet, on the closing day of the last Session, a Bill which provides that, for a period of five years from 1 April next, a bounty, to be fixed by the Imperial ordinance, shall be paid on all raw silk exported from Japan direct—that is, without passing through the hands of foreign merchants. A bounty to silk-growers would be intelligible; but a bounty to native merchants cannot encourage production, and can only be intended to make business impossible for the foreign merchants. The proceeding is the more remarkable as Article 7 of the new treaty between Great Britain and Japan provides that “the subjects of each of the High Contracting parties shall enjoy in the dominions and possessions of the other . . . a perfect equality of treatment with native subjects in all that relates to warehousing, bounties, facilities,” &c. It is true that the new treaty will not come into operation till 1899; but, even if it be argued that this leaves the Government a free hand in the interval, it seems impossible to escape the charge of contemplated violation of Article 7 during four years, at least, of the Act's duration. The intensity of Japanese patriotism commands respect; but legislation of this sort is contrary to international comity; and we can hardly doubt that the Foreign Ministers, to whom the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce have appealed, will be able to convince the Mikado of the fact and persuade him to withhold his sanction from the Bill.

Another law passed in the same session which provides that “no person except a Japanese subject at least twenty years old shall be permitted to become the publisher, editor, or printer of a newspaper”—seems directed against the editors and owners of foreign newspapers now published in Japan, and—equally therefore with the silk law—in conflict with the whole spirit of a treaty which professes to place foreigners and Japanese on an equal footing abroad and at home. Japan said practically: We have adopted your customs and are as civilized now as you are. We wear tall hats and tail-coats, and have a Parliament, and have revised our law codes on your model. Abolish, now, extra-territorial jurisdiction; submit your subjects to our laws, and we will admit them into the interior on an equal footing, even as you admit us. The two instances noted may serve to show what Japanese ideas of an equal footing are.

In view of the new Chinese loan, the report for 1896 of the Imperial Maritime Customs comes opportunely. The net value of the imports in the year show an increase of 30 million taels as compared with 1895. Improved trade, following the stagnation occasioned by the war, was general, but the most brisk movement was in cotton goods and yarns, which account for fully one-half of the whole increase. There is an improvement in the revenue, of course, but last year's total was still a round million taels below the figure of the record year 1891. But for the loss of the revenue from Formosa, which averaged more than a million taels annually, the record total would have been exceeded. With the undoubted evidences that are being afforded of the “awakening” of the country, there is fair reason to anticipate a gradual increase of its trade; so that assurance is provided for the payment of the interest on its growing debt. But it is not probable that the imports during the current year will show as large an increase on last year as last year showed on 1895. The period of exceptional activity has passed and stocks of textiles, which constitute the principal article of import, are very heavy.

It was foreseen that the Indian railway returns would suffer from the stagnation caused by the plague and the famine. The falling off in receipts down to the end of the financial year ended on 31 March appears to have been something like 120 lakhs of rupees. During the present calendar year, down to the middle of April, the loss was upwards of 70 lakhs, which is at the rate of something like 260 lakhs for the twelve months. It is not probable, of course, that the total will reach this figure or anything approaching it, for the plague is on the wane, and Bombay at least has almost recovered its normal condition again. The only railways which show an increase in their earnings are two of those that have carried food-grains into the interior—the East Indian, which is better by seven lakhs as compared with last year; and the Burma lines, which have carried large consignments of rice and which show an improvement of four lakhs. In the case of the others, not even the brisk movements of grain have availed to compensate for the loss of general traffic, and the Bombay lines are to the bad in spite of the enhanced passenger receipts due to the exodus. The most unfortunate is the Great Indian Peninsula Company, which reports a loss of 35 lakhs. The Bombay-Baroda has a falling away of 14 lakhs and the Rajputana-Malwa of 13 lakhs.

The revision of the Senate Finance Committee on the Dingley Tariff proposal will, it is stated, result in an increase in receipts of over \$100,000,000. There is an additional tax on beer, a 10 per cent. tax on tea, with a general reduction of rate wherever such rate is considered prohibitory or calculated to limit the income. Furthermore, duties have been fixed upon certain descriptions which are sure to produce revenue unhindered by “incidental protection.” The amendments are said to number 1,000, and are mostly devised with special reference to revenue-producing power rather than to its protective capacity. There can be little doubt that the measure will be further mangled in the

Senate, and there is not much hope that the completed Bill will pass before August.

Mexican prospects are brightening, and it is satisfactory that the improvement appears to be spread over most of the leading industries. The dejected state of the Silver Market does not seem to have had so serious an effect in commercial circles as might have been expected. Building operations are actively carried on in the large cities, and the import trade is in a healthy condition. Railway earnings continue to show substantial increases over last year, the increase on the two trunk lines being as much as 38 per cent. for the second week of April, as compared with the corresponding week of 1896. After a liberal allowance for the increased passenger traffic in Holy Week, there remains a substantial margin due to ordinary causes. The mines, too, are active, much capital having been recently attracted to the country; and good progress has been made in exploration and development, particularly in the States of Durango.

The customary periodical announcement of the rout of the Uruguayan rebels is to hand, and we are assured that the rebellion may now be considered at an end. From the "Times" Correspondent at Monte Video we also gather that a new 6 per cent. loan of 4,000,000 pesos has been sanctioned to meet the extraordinary expenditure for suppressing the Blancos and to cover the deficit in the revenue. This, we are told, assures the continued service of the public debt. All which investors will no doubt regard with much gratification until the next news arrives of the progress of the "revolution."

It is anticipated that the foreclosure of the Union Pacific Railroad will not be this year, and as there will be protests from the holders of certain claims, it is difficult to say whether the sale of the railroad will take place at all. The receivership may end within a year, and it is questionable whether any better terms can be obtained by the directors than those offered by the Reorganization Committee. The fact is, of course, that the Committee are authorized to offer a minimum sum, so that to gain possession other parties must bid over that amount. The action taken by the Government in insisting upon cash payment of their claim of 53 millions net may ultimately prove to be to the advantage of the various holders, and under the circumstances the scheme of the Reorganization Committee seems to afford the best escape for all concerned.

The proceedings of the directors of the United States Debenture Corporation continue to display a curious originality. They now announce in a letter to the shareholders the abandonment of their proposal to reduce the capital of the Corporation, this being, indeed, their only possible course, in view of the energetic opposition of the Debenture stockholders, and, it is hardly necessary to add, of the fatuous audacity of the proposal itself. It is scarcely surprising, perhaps, after the recent vagaries of the Board, to read the intimation that "the shareholders and the Debenture stockholders revert therefore to their legal rights, which, in accordance with the advice obtained by the directors, have already been fully explained to them." The "legal" rights, it will be remembered, consist in winding up the Company and buying out the Debenture-holders at par. Our respect for English law would have to be considerably modified if such a proceeding were successful; and we strongly advise the Board to consult some person of ordinary sanity and business capacity for guidance in their future relations with the Debenture-holders.

A somewhat lively controversy has been raging on the question of English and American cycles. Concerning the large and increasing imports of American machines into this country we had occasion to speak quite recently, and nothing that we have since learned has induced us to modify our opinion as to the menace implied to our own over-capitalized industry by the astounding progress of the Americans in this direction. Granted that there was some rubbish in last year's consignments, does that prove that we have nothing to

fear? Are cheap-priced English machines such wonders of constructional elegance and excellence as to be beyond reproach? Scarcely. For everyday use the "low-grade" Yankee article remains quite equal to the second-rate English, and price for price the Americans can beat us on our own ground by a pound or more. The "high-grade" machine from the other side is as good as anything we can turn out, and is nevertheless much cheaper than the same grade of English make. It can serve no useful purpose for English agents to decry American cycles. They have been praised enthusiastically of late even by our own cycle papers, which presumably hold no brief for our rivals—unless they advertise largely. The best thing our manufacturers can do is to face the position, which promises to become severe at home as well as in our foreign markets, and to endeavour to bring prices down to a reasonable level. It is absurd to suppose that the fancy figures asked for English machines represent only a fair margin of profit. We look confidently to the collapse of several of the weaker English concerns in the course of the next year or two.

The Nitrate Combination seems to have been so far singularly ineffectual in achieving the objects for which it was formed. The report of the San Sebastian Nitrate Company is a melancholy specimen of its destructive effects. The directors tell us mournfully enough that there was no result commensurate with the sacrifices which the companies were compelled to make. The work was restricted to a period of a little over four months in each year. This, it is stated, entailed an expense which seriously trenchoned upon the profits. The efforts of a combination, however, cannot have any tangible result with the present hideous inflation of the capitals of most of the companies interested in the nitrate production.

The Ordinary stock of Schweppes, Limited, which we strongly recommended to our readers a fortnight ago, already stands at a considerable premium, and furnishes another example, if it were needed, of the remarkable success of Mr. E. T. Hooley in the promotion of prosperous commercial undertakings. The fact that the stock was subscribed four times over is a sufficient indication of the confidence of the public, and confirms us in the belief which we have held for some time past that Mr. Hooley is indisputably the ablest as well as the most trustworthy of company promoters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IBSEN AND THE EVERLASTING FEMALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 FLEET STREET, E.C. 17 May, 1897.

SIR,—I am indebted to your contributor, G. B. S., for so much information and general readableness that I hesitate to tell him that he is wrong. But he is wrong. And here let me explain that I send my "Saturday Review" to the Continent each week, and I am writing this without your critic's words before me.

As near as I recollect, however, G. B. S. in his "Doll's House" critique revived certain antiquated Millisms concerning the equality of woman with man, and proceeded to analogize between the human sexes and the sexes of less advanced animals, which is all nonsense. It is not true that a woman is the equal of a man in the same way as a tigress is the equal of a tiger, or a hind the equal of a hart. The woman has been specialized and differentiated under conditions which have made her an inferior being—that is to say, an animal inferior in courage and intelligence to the male. In isolated instances, I admit, an exceptional woman is equal to, or may even surpass, an average man. But no amount of fallacy or screaming will alter the fact that the average woman is inferior to the average man. It is proved by daily experience. And I remind G. B. S. that Ibsen's social dramas are ironic studies in the natural history, not of mankind, but of the middle class of capitalism—a class that, in its entirety, furnishes the most complete example of an

organized sham that has ever polluted the face of the earth. Its very truth is a lie.—I am, &c.

GEORGE A. HILLEARY SAMUEL.

[That is just like a Socialist—not to know what Equality means! An average clerk is “an animal inferior in courage and intelligence” to an average professional man; but he is politically precisely his equal. A Senior Wrangler tried by a jury of passmen is nevertheless tried by “his peers.” Mr. Samuel may not legally do anything to a foxhunter that he may not equally do to a physicist. The American Constitution, in declaring all men equal, does not mean that the President of the United States is an exact facsimile of Mr. Edison, or that Mr. Fitzsimmons cannot beat Mr. Corbett at fisticuffs. I am astonished at Mr. Samuel’s trying to plant an argument highly characteristic of “the middle-class of Capitalism” on ME.—G. B. S.]

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 May, 1897.

SIR,—Assertions as to military prison discipline in my novel “Scarlet and Steel” have been questioned as “sensational.” Will you permit me to trespass on your valuable space by the following plain record of fact?

On the authority of Parliamentary Paper 200—ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on 7 May and laid on the table last week—in 1893-4-5, the years immediately preceding the writing of “Scarlet and Steel,” in civil prisons (convict and local), England and Wales, one prisoner in every 1,175 was flogged or birched.

This is not my present business.

Military prisons were not included in above return. But I have in my possession ample and detailed proof, drawn from official records, that (during the same period) in one military prison alone, taken haphazard, one (soldier) prisoner in every 150 was flogged or birched.

Observe: where one civilian was flogged, nearly eight soldiers suffered the degrading punishment; in almost all cases, for what?—threatening language, idleness, damaging a shilling’s worth or so of prison property.

This is no obsolete barbarism. It was inflicted under the official rules still in force on the 10th of the present month.

Sir, these figures and facts are, to my mind, more sensational than anything in my book. If they do not stir the heart of Britain to indignant action, I do not know what will.—I am, yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF “SCARLET AND STEEL.”

GERMAN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 15 May, 1897.

SIR,—During the late discussion of German inroads on our trade, we have been told that manufacturers of dyes and other chemical products in Germany are in the habit of keeping retinues of trained scientists, who busy themselves with original research in the interests of their employers. A striking confirmation of this statement appears in this month’s “Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen”:—“The proprietors of the Mayer Dye-works at Elberfeld, where there is already a rich collection of scientific and technical books, have just purchased the library of the late Dr. Kekulé, Professor of Chemistry at Bonn. This comprises 18,000 volumes, and is supposed to be the largest existing collection of books on chemistry.”—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RARE BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 19 May, 1897.

SIR,—Hundreds of readers must agree with the sentiments expressed in Mr. Collinson’s letter, and yet no serious steps are taken. The bird protection ques-

tion remains practically *in statu quo*, and the number of persons continually committing these abominable acts of vandalism is apparently undiminished. Persons found guilty of destroying works of art would probably be consigned either to a prison or a lunatic asylum, and yet the evils which are being silently perpetrated in our midst are of an infinitely graver nature. It is possible, or even probable, that some sculptor of the future may produce a work of art rivalling even the Apollo Belvedere, but the chances would be as billions to one that a kingfisher or a skylark would ever again be evolved from any form of life at present existing. There are many lovers of nature able and willing to give ready help if only some one can suggest some feasible method of co-operation.—Yours faithfully,

A MEMBER OF THE HANTS FIELD CLUB.

THE HARP OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 May, 1897.

SIR,—In continuation of a previous communication I may now observe that George Chalmers, in his “Caledonia,” or an account of North Britain, says that neither Celtic Ireland nor Celtic Scotland used armorial bearings. I am not certain, however, that Celtic Wales did not display a dragon.

Chalmers says that Henry VIII. on being proclaimed King of Ireland is said to have given her the harp as a distinguishing mark of her feats in music. In a footnote he adds the following:—“Ledwicke, app. to Walker’s ‘History of Irish Bards,’ p. 11. The position of Ledwicke seems to be confirmed by the series of Irish coins as we see them.” The harp, he says, on the authority of Simon, appeared for the first time on Irish coins in 1530. Yet it is certain, he says, that when a Commission was appointed during the reign of Edward IV. to inquire what were the arms of Ireland, the Commissioners reported that her arms consisted of three crowns empaled.

He also says that there remains in the College of Arms a curious roll containing the badges of the Earls of Warwick, from Brutus the founder, which was composed by the celebrated John Rous, the Warwick antiquary, who died 1491. He includes Richard III. as an Earl of Warwick, and the antiquary, in painting the several crests of Richard, surmounted his crest as Lord of Ireland with the harp. JAMES GRAHAM.

AN EXAMPLE FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S., 11 May, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—You are probably aware that the United States has a law prohibiting foreign vessels from engaging in its coastwise trade. All cargoes shipped from one American port to another American port must be carried on American vessels officered and manned by “brave Yankee tars.” Now, in order to avert the threatened extinction of the British seaman, would it not be possible to protect the British and Colonial marine in the same way? Cannot Britain and the Colonies come to some agreement whereby British and Colonial vessels, manned entirely by British and Colonial seamen, would be given a monopoly of the transportation business between the ports of the Empire? To successfully compete with foreign lines it may be necessary that British and Colonial vessels sailing to foreign countries should be partly manned by cheap-working aliens, but with foreign competition excluded this would not be necessary in the case of vessels plying between British and Colonial ports. If the carrying trade of the Empire were to be restricted to vessels flying the British flag, it should be insisted that their crews be not only exclusively British or Colonial, but that they include a certain number of Naval Reserve men and, in the case of the crews of vessels belonging to subsidized lines of steamships, that they be composed entirely of men qualified to serve in the navy.—Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

REVIEWS.

MR. F. THOMPSON'S NEW POEMS.

"New Poems." By Francis Thompson. London: Constable & Co. 1897.

NO book of the present season has been heralded by so much prefatory advertisement or so many laudatory paragraphs as this volume of poems. We have been told that it would prove "the sensation of the year," and that the coteries have been quivering to receive it. We entirely absolve Mr. Thompson from any share in these announcements, of the existence of which he has been doubtless kept ignorant; nor do we blame the affection which has inspired them. But there can be no question that the puff preliminary is a boomerang which is very apt to return and wound the thrower, and if Mr. Thompson's poems had not been so outrageously trumpeted, it would not be needful to examine their pretensions so closely as we are forced to do. He has been, from the first, unfortunate in being shielded from sincere criticism. He has been persuaded by his friends that he is a genius, divinely inspired, whose wildest utterances are his best. No book of equal promise and value was ever, perhaps, so injudiciously received as his first volume of "Poems" in 1893. He followed it by a slighter collection, in which the beauties were fewer and the blemishes more exasperating. We have before us a third, in which the peculiarities of the author are pushed to such an extreme that it becomes necessary to consider to what a pass poetical writing has come in this country. If the admirers of Mr. Thompson are to be allowed to tell us, as they have done, that no work equal to his has been produced in England since the youth of Tennyson, it is time that we examined his writings with a little care, and discovered what it is which is so far superior to the verse of Matthew Arnold, of Christina and Gabriel Rossetti, and of Mr. Swinburne.

In a passage which it is much to be desired that young genius should transcribe into its copy-book, Renan has said: "Avoir quelque chose à dire, ne pas gâter la beauté naturelle d'un sujet noble, d'une pensée vraie, par le désordre, l'obscurité, l'incorrection, le faux goût, telle est la condition essentielle de l'art du bon langage." We do not think that any one of reasonable intelligence, brought face to face with this dictum, could seriously attempt to deny its truth, even when applied to poetry. The excess to which the romantic theory of literature has been pushed admits, indeed, a great deal which would have seemed very shocking to Dr. Johnson and scarcely less shocking to Wordsworth. The Muse nowadays is permitted to be loosely girt, and even to run barefoot. But if any laws are to be preserved at all in literature, if pure anarchy is not to prevail, there is a certain license which must be resisted even to-day. Disorder, obscurity, incorrectness, false taste—it must be conceded that these tend to spoil the natural beauty even of a noble theme, if any concession whatever is to be made to harmony and dignity of style. If then these charges can reasonably be brought against the poetry of Mr. Thompson, it is plain that, without denying his native talent, we must pronounce the unmeasured and unconsidered laudation which he receives from his admirers a dangerous evidence of modern laxity of judgment.

By "disorder" in literature we may take Renan to mean a disregard of those principles of harmony in thought and evolution in language which have marked all compositions, of whatever age or class, which have succeeded in becoming classical. Order is what Racine at last admitted in Corneille; it is what Dryden triumphantly denied to Shadwell. It is what makes a lyric, whether an elaborate ode or a simple song, a living thing. It animates work as stately as that of Gray or Vigny, as irregular as that of Heine or of Mr. Thompson's modern master, Patmore. It dictates that the poet shall know whence he starts and whither he goes. The absence of it destroys the value of verse otherwise so interesting as that of Emerson. But in no poet of reputation is it more strikingly absent than in Mr. Thompson. Beautiful fancy, sonorous and picturesque diction we find here, indeed, but no motive power.

These odes begin on one key, are shifted to another, take up a fresh subject, drop it, and, at length, as if merely wearied of their aimless flight, drop suddenly, or cease in the air. This is a matter which can only be proved, however, by the careful and continuous reader, to whose independent observation we must leave this question of disorder.

Obscurity is a charge more easily sustained by quotation, and here we have no difficulty in pressing home a defect. Criticism has always distinguished between hardness and obscurity, between the darkness of too rapid thought and the density of want of thought. Browning and Mr. George Meredith are often difficult, but thought lies behind, and is capable of solution and elucidation. Mr. Thompson, we are afraid, has often no thought at all. In his "New Poems" the first and most ambitious is a species of ode entitled "The Mistress of Vision." This is so full of reminiscences of other poets that we are tempted to call it a canto of verbal echoes of Crashaw, Coleridge, Edgar Poe, and even later writers. We should not object to this, however, if we were able to understand what it was all about. Certain images and illustrations in it are admirable—that taken from the story of the necromancer who reproduces the phantom of a rose from its ashes is exquisitely beautiful—but the general tendency and object of the poem are shrouded in the densest fog. This is the manner of it, baffling analysis, defying syntax, offering to the attentive mind no cranny for a foothold:—

"Her song said that no springing
Paradise but evermore
Hangeth on a singing
That has chords of weeping,
And that sings the after-sleeping
To souls which wake too sore.

'But woe the singer, woe!' she said; 'beyond the dead
his singing-lore
All its art of sweet and sore,
He learns, in Elenore!'"

These, and the rest, are nonsense-verses, very melodious and in a vague way distinguished, but the impression they leave behind them is purely sensuous, as of winds of words upon an Æolian harp. We turn to another piece and we read—

"See in highest heaven pavilioned
Now the maiden Heaven rest,
The many-breasted sky out-millions
By the splendours of her vest.
Lo, the Ark this holy tide is
The un-handmade Temple's guest,
And the dark Egyptian bride is
Whitely to the Spouse-Heart prest."

From these lines the only idea which the common reader would take away would be that they announced the wedding of a lady of colour to a member of the family of a noted Provider. But we shall be indignantly told that Mr. Thompson does not write for the common reader. What, then, does the uncommon reader make of the passage, or of this?

"O altered joy, all joyed of yore,
Plodding in unconned ways!
O grief grieved out, and yet once more
A dull, new, staled amaze!
I dream, and all was dreamed before,
Or dream I so? the dreamer says."

Something very like this was heard in Wonderland by our old friend Alice.

Mr. Thompson has been a very close student of the decadent poets of the middle of the seventeenth century. He has imitated almost all their faults, but he has less excuse than they had. Since the days of Quarles and Lovelace the English language has become solidified and purified; it has tested the neologisms which the seventeenth century offered it, and, accepting one or two, has rejected the rest as ugly and cumbersome. When, therefore, Mr. Thompson writes—

"Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,
That the King may enter thee!
At all gates the clangours gurge in,
God's paludament lightens, see!"

he thrusts upon us a novelty which startles and bewilders us without adding to our stock of ideas. A *paludamentum* is a loose military cloak; it is obvious that Mr.

Thompson does not use the word in this sense, yet we recognize no other. His pages are starred with irritating innovations of this kind. Within a short distance of one another we meet with "fluctuous," "disrelish," "accipitrine," "monstrance," "vaultages," "lutany," "world-unshuttering," "with-three-first-giddied," "blosmy," and "flexuous." Of these, "blosmy" is a word which our language shed in the Middle Ages; "fluctuous" and "flexuous" were proposed in the early seventeenth century, and rejected as not wanted; we may say the same of "vaultages," although Shakespeare employs it once. "Accipitrine," absurdly used by Mr. Thompson as an adjective for the will, is a purely scientific term. "With the flaming monstrance of the West," says Mr. Thompson, describing a phenomenon, but "monstrance" has a single and defined meaning, it is the glass receptacle in which the Host is presented, and it is nothing else. The English language has no such word as "lutany." As for "world-unshuttering" and "with-three-first-giddied," they are monsters from which even a Roundhead minister might have shrunk. But such forms as these swarm on the pages of Mr. Thompson.

We have no space to comment on the confusion of syntax, the positive grammatical solecisms, the execrable rhymes which abound in these poems. Mr. Thompson's contempt for language is apparently unbounded, and he does not hesitate to write

"Cloud down-raining the Just One am"
(meaning *I am the Just One*);

"O bird, with heart of wassail,
That *toss* the Bacchic branch"
(instead of *tossed or dost toss*), and

"Caught
Beyond human thought
In the thunder-spout of Him,
Until thy being dim
And be
Dead deathlessly"

(a passage the crystal lucidity and inevitable logic of which we would not mar by the faintest attempt at a commentary). Nor can we devote the necessary space to an examination of Mr. Thompson's conceits, which equal in their violence and tortured ingenuity those of the disciples of Marini and Gongora. We have laughed at Crashaw's description of the Madonna's eyes—

"Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans"—

but Mr. Thompson need not despair of ultimately excelling it.

We shall be thought unkind. We hasten, therefore, to admit that Mr. Thompson is a poet. He has elevation of fancy, richness of diction and a touch of genuine sublimity; in the conduct of a single line he is often extremely felicitous. But his poetry is more unequal, is mingled with ruder and coarser stuff, than that of any recent writer of equal value. He has gold in his system, but the grains sparkle here and there in a mass of confused detritus. Instead of the indiscriminate and almost insane praise with which a certain set of reviewers have greeted all that he has written, the output of his irregular and ill-trained talent should have been subjected to the severest tests. As it is, taste languishes in what we may use one of his own lines to define,

"The incredible excess of unsensed sweet."

WHAT WAS THE GUNPOWDER PLOT?

"What was the Gunpowder Plot? The Traditional Story tested by Original Evidence." By John Gerard, S.J. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1897.

WE owe Guy Fawkes to the Jesuits; and we were grateful. Then why should a Jesuit seek to tear him from our affections—to expose, to disestablish, to disendow the grim sinecurist who levies tribute of half-pence in the November fog? It is a stealthy, gradual, insidious attack. First he is stripped of his traditional lantern, match-box, and powder-barrels; then he is driven from his comfortable "dark cellar" into a well-lighted ground-floor room, devoid of proper convenience or privacy; and, finally, his religious and moral reputa-

tion as a genuine conspirator—which is not less dear to him than to any of the Company—is cruelly assailed. Why should Guy, who after all never blew up anybody in his life, be thus exploded? But, mercifully, this new Popish Plot has failed. Our alarm was needless. Guy and his Merry Men have passed the ordeal with a sinister smile, and emerge as delightfully truculent as before. In vain does Father Gerard test them by the antique Inquisition and the modern vivisection, by the question and examination, by the slow torture of historical criticism and the *peine forte et dure* of crushing contradiction. He can get nothing out of them. Hitherto they have kept their secret—the most impenetrable in all English history—and they mean to keep it. Father Gerard leaves Gunpowder Treason as black a business as he found it, and in spite of himself has enhanced its picturesqueness by intensifying its mystery. On his last page he gives, what few authors have the sense to give, a short, clear "Summary" of his conclusions. They are in substance as follows:—

1. The true history of the Plot is not known. We might add, never will be known. Father Gerard has examined all the known authorities and documents, and in vain. There remains a very faint chance that some concealed or forgotten correspondence may yet come to light incriminating the Jesuits; but if such documents ever existed, they have probably been carefully destroyed long ago.

2. "The received history is certainly untrue." This is far too sweeping. Many particulars are undoubtedly false and inconsistent; but the critic has hardly shaken that general and qualified belief in the plot which we presume to share with Professor Gardiner. Nor does he venture to deny that there was a plot of some kind, though he pours cold water on the gunpowder. He adds that the proceedings of the conspirators have been utterly misrepresented, and on several points he proves it. The real "Guy's Cellar" was a large, fairly light, ground floor room under the old House of Lords, destroyed in 1823. When the Lords moved, in 1800, to the old Court of Requests, another cellar was shown: and when, after the fire of 1834, they occupied the Painted Chamber, its gloomy vaulted crypt became the "dark cellar" which now figures in illustrated histories. The story of the mining operations seems certainly improbable, and the hiring of the house and cellar presents many difficulties. But the *crux* is the gunpowder. Our author, with all his assiduity, fails to prove that its introduction was impossible; but that it should have been left for months in a place so dangerous, and so accessible to discovery, does argue incredible recklessness or stupidity. Yet he fails to see what is still more incredible, nay impossible. "On the morning of 5 November, London rang with the news" that many tons of powder had been found under the House of Lords. A public thoroughfare ran in front of the door and windows. The houses of the Palace officials clustered round about. If there had been no powder at all, would the Government have dared to publish the lie, while everybody was peering in to look at the barrels, and watching to see them carried away? It is all very well for Father Gerard to point triumphantly to the absence of any document mentioning the removal. What we want is a document *denying* the removal, and we should have had a thousand if the Catholics, at home and abroad, could have thrown any doubt upon it. Had we space we should like to follow the author through many more of the interesting points which he discusses, but we must pass on.

3. The Government were aware of the Plot *long beforehand*. Both evidence and argument are here of the flimsiest. They only prove what might be expected, namely, that the spies of the Government were warning them (as they did all along and do to-day) in a vague general way, that the enemy was still at its tricks, and very likely "just going to begin." It is, however, probable that Cecil scented the plot some short time before, and prepared the dramatic "Discovery," which was certainly a solemn farce.

4. The official accounts of the Plot are concoctions, and the documents connected with the trial have been garbled and falsified. This can hardly be denied, though many of the discrepancies, here as elsewhere,

which the author fastens on, are trivial or capable of explanation.

5. Finally, "there are grave reasons for the conclusion that the whole transaction was dexterously contrived for the purpose which, in fact, it opportunely served, by those who alone reaped benefit from it, and who showed themselves so unscrupulous in the manner of reaping." Well, there are reasons, but very little evidence. He owns that there was a real Plot and that the conspirators were all guilty. Then he insinuates that it was planned by Cecil, whose dupes they were. If so, something must have leaked out, if not from the confessions of the prisoners, at least from some of their confidants and wirepullers. And we have nothing but a few timid, tentative suggestions—the usual thing—by foreign or party contemporaries, that after all the Plot may have been an imposture. How far it was we cannot decide. The sentence is quoted merely to illustrate Father Gerard's favourite line of argument, the *cui prodest* argument. He is a perfect master of insinuation. His wariness, scepticism and suspicion are most impressive, but always confined to one side of the question. He smells rats everywhere save on his own premises. There his complaisance is a refreshing contrast. Measure it by this instance on p. 52, where he asserts that "from the first not a few, and those not Catholics only," believed the plot was an imposture, and that such a belief is not a modern one, or confined to Catholics. This statement is fortified by a note, thus:—"A writer, signing himself 'Architect,' in an article describing the old Palace of Westminster ('Gentleman's Magazine,' July, 1800), having occasion to mention the Gunpowder Plot, observes: 'This Plot is now pretty well understood not to have been hatched by the Papists, but by . . . All well-informed persons at present laugh at the whole of this business.'" What a straw to catch at! Before bowing to "Architect's" *obiter dicta* on history, we should like to be sure that he was not a very young, or a very flippant, or a very Catholic architect. In truth, though Father Gerard has taken infinite pains, though his zeal wins our unfeigned respect, and his sincerity (not, perhaps, in truth-seeking so much as in battling for the truth as he understands it) is transparent, his dialectics are so traditional and professional, and his bias so inveterate, that he has converted us to a more lively faith than we dared venture on before in the genuineness and gravity of the Plot. Guy Fawkes is now cleared of disparaging suspicions and his claims as a genuine arch-villain vindicated by one of his old friends. Need we add that the Summary of conclusions does not mention the real purpose of the book, which is, of course, to disprove, or at least attenuate, the complicity of the Jesuits and mission priests in the Plot?

DEMOSTHENES AS A STATESMAN.

"History of Greece." By Adolph Holm. Vol. III. Translated from the German. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THE everlasting freshness, the perpetual suggestiveness, of the history of Greek politics and Greek civilization hinder us from ever regarding a relation of that history as final, and constantly incites to new attempts at portraying it. Since Curtius and Duncker, no less than four German histories of Greece, written by men of authority, have, wholly or partially, appeared: those of Holm, Busolt, Beloch, and the not yet completed narrative of E. Meyer embedded in his "Geschichte des Alterthums." Of these Beloch's book is the most brilliant; Busolt's, utterly destitute of style or literary pretensions, is rather an apparatus or critical bibliography than a history to be read and enjoyed. Holm's work has merits which it would be hard to overrate and is more readable than any German history of Greece except that of Curtius. There are, indeed, defects in his style, which are perhaps more striking in a translation. His narrative is too often dull, and he has not the art of managing transitions. We must permit ourselves another criticism. The earlier part of the work is much inferior to the later. The first volume is somewhat belated; the second, containing much that is valuable, is not wholly satisfactory; but the third

and fourth volumes are important and brilliant contributions to the subject. Holm treats most questions with the practical common sense which we are accustomed to look for in English more than in German historians, and his study of English politics has evidently taught him much as to the working of free institutions. His judgment is sober, but his mind is open. He never runs after new theories, but he is not prejudiced by old ones. Nor is he dominated by great names. He does not fall down and worship Thucydides as a god incapable of error; he looks upon him as a great, fallible historian, and preserves a free and critical attitude towards him. The observations he offers on constitutional matters are always suggestive, and he is specially good when he emphasizes the importance of the individual responsibility of the proposer of a new measure in the Athenian Ecclesia, or the fatal consequences of the want of a permanent Government.

In dealing with the most debated problem of the history of the fourth century, the relations of the Greek States and especially Athens with the newly risen power of Macedonia, Holm has conspicuously shown his judiciousness and his independence. According to the traditional view, which is impressed on every schoolboy, Demosthenes is the protagonist in a struggle for Greek liberty, Philip is the tritagonist—the tyrant in a play. Ecumenical history teaches us to reverse the rôles, and Holm calmly follows the instruction of ecumenical history. Philip is the great statesman who prepared new paths for the world to move in; Demosthenes is an agitator who tried to obstruct him. But Holm does not blindly acquiesce in the doctrine that the winning cause is the right one, nor does he follow Droysen in the view that small States have no rights against big States. Granting as fully as Droysen could wish the historical justification of the Macedonian monarchy, we might still be able with perfect consistency to regard Demosthenes as a great and wise statesman, even though he should have done his best to thwart the wiser designs of destiny. We must at all events refrain from judging Demosthenes in the light of the future, which neither he nor Philip could foresee. If Demosthenes initiated a high and patriotic policy, if his acts were wisely and consistently directed to the realization of such a policy, then indeed we can admit that he was a great statesman as well as a great orator. It is not enough to urge that his motives were good and patriotic; most men in the streets of Athens could have honestly laid claim to good and patriotic motives. As a statesman, Demosthenes must be judged by his acts. His claim to patriotic statesmanship rests on the policy of opposing the aggrandizement of Philip so far as it menaced Greece. Let us, with Holm, test his claim by comparing his acts with the assumed object of his policy.

The career of Demosthenes as a politician really began in B.C. 352, when the Megapolitans sought the help of Athens against Sparta. On this occasion Demosthenes made a speech supporting the application of the Megapolitans and arguing that one of the leading principles which ought to guide the foreign policy of Athens was to keep Sparta weak. But such a doctrine ought to have been obsolete; it was no longer in keeping with the facts; and in enunciating it Demosthenes showed himself no better than those French statesmen who in the forties of the last century still clung to the old policy of hostility to the House of Austria, heedless of the complete change in the European situation. But the policy advocated by Demosthenes was not merely obsolete; it was positively inconsistent with, and injurious to, the cause of a successful resistance to Philip. "He thus," says Holm, "offended Sparta without good reason. The result was that the Spartans would never become the allies of Athens against Macedonia, although they were enemies of Philip. They probably thought that Athens was still seeking only her own advantage, and that Demosthenes was still pursuing his policy of 352." It is perhaps going too far to ascribe the remarkable aloofness of Sparta throughout the whole struggle to the speech of the Athenian orator, but the fact remains that this speech, so far as a speech could, contributed to the loss of Spartan co-operation in the war.

When we come to the Olynthiac Orations we find the

counsellor adopting a most unstatesmanlike and dangerous line of argument. He sets himself to prove to his audience that Philip's power rested on a weak and precarious basis—a thesis which was directly opposed to fact. Holm justly observes :—"This depreciation of Philip's importance shows either that the speaker was incapable of grasping the facts of the situation, or that, in order to infuse courage into the Athenians, he resorted to expedients which might be useful for the moment, but which were subsequently bound to injure the cause championed by Demosthenes, for illusions as to the strength of an opponent can only have a detrimental effect." In the same way Demosthenes always inculcated the falsehood that Philip's successes were gained by bribery and light troops; yet the victory of Chæronea was won by Hoplites. Here we have the same dilemma. Demosthenes was either culpably ignorant of Philip's military resources or he culpably deceived his countrymen. Of course we expect lies from an orator, but we do not expect lies injurious to his country from a patriotic statesman. There is, indeed, no orator in whose speeches there are more glaring untruths and shameless inconsistencies to be found than Demosthenes. One of his most delicious audacities is the statement that Olynthus dictated the terms of peace to Sparta in B.C. 379. It is as if one were to say that Frederick William dictated terms to Napoleon at the Treaty of Tilsit.

In regard to the famous Phocian question, at the time of the Peace of Philocrates, Demosthenes was either indifferent or ineffectual or disingenuous. Philip declined to include the Phocians in the peace, and everybody understood that he would treat them as enemies. And at Athens a resolution was passed to the effect that the Phocians ought to surrender Delphi to the Amphictyones. Demosthenes, if he had been in earnest in the Phocian cause, would have opposed that resolution. He says he wanted to speak, but nobody would listen. That is nonsense on the face of it. "The Athenian democracy never refused its advisers a hearing." But then, again, many years later, the orator tells us (in the "De Corona") that the Phocians were in the wrong! Demosthenes further alleges that he relied on unofficial pledges of Philip, transmitted through Æschines, that the Phocians would, after all, get off safe. "In putting forward this plea Demosthenes convicts himself and the Athenians of political incapacity. In the year 357 Athens had been, it was alleged, deceived by similar unofficial promises on the part of Philip, and had been deprived of Amphipolis. What, then, are we to think of statesmen who allow themselves to be led by the nose for the second time by the same man, in the same manner? Assuredly they were not in their right place."

The final conflict, the campaign of Chæronea, arose out of the Amphictyonic war against Amphissa. On the outbreak of that war Æschines urged the Athenians to take part against Amphissa. Demosthenes opposed him, crying (according to his own statement), "You want to bring an Amphictyonic war into Attica." If he really said so, "he gave utterance to a most audacious falsehood. For by it he imputed to Æschines what he was doing himself, and what Æschines was trying to prevent. If Athens had taken the side of the Amphictyones, as Æschines wished, there would have been no Amphictyonic war for Attica. Athens had a splendid opportunity of obtaining a secure position in the Amphictyonic league. Demosthenes prevented this, and thus brought Philip, the general of the league, into hostility with Attica." And this was, of course, the orator's purpose. He wanted to precipitate a conflict with Philip; and again, when peace might have been secured after the capture of Amphissa, he prevented it. His reasons were that Philip was not sincerely disposed for peace and wished to annihilate Athens. Both pleas were untrue. "Peace with the Greeks was undoubtedly an object with Philip, since he needed it for his contemplated campaign into Asia"; and the victor's clemency to Athens after the battle of Chæronea disproves the calumny that he desired her destruction. One fails to see any wisdom or statesmanlike grasp of the situation in the policy of Demosthenes after the Peace of Philocrates; it was a misfortune for Athens that his influence was so great.

If we turn from speeches to acts, it is remarkable that the only decisive check which the Macedonian king ever sustained at the hands of Athens was the work not of Demosthenes but of another statesman. It was the activity of Eubulus that prevented Philip from passing Thermopylæ in 352, while Demosthenes was alienating Sparta by his speech on Megalopolis.

We are unable to see any solid grounds for regarding Demosthenes as a great patriotic statesman. He was a patriotic agitator, with an unrivalled command of heroics, and his incomparable oratory secured him a fatal influence over his fellow-countrymen at a most critical period. He showed as little concern for veracity as any of the Greek rhetors, and he had not the great moral force of an honest man like his contemporary Phocion. As to the famous scandal of the money of Harpalus, there seems to us, as to Holm, no doubt that Demosthenes appropriated twenty talents, and in doing so he was acting neither below nor above the general morality of the age. Demosthenes cannot be placed among the splendid few who were superior to the temptations of millions; he cannot be placed with Phocion and Lysander and Nicias. And this holds good even if it could be shown that as a matter of fact those twenty talents did not pass into the pockets of Demosthenes. The mere circumstance that such an accusation could be brought proves that the orator was not above suspicion where money was concerned. No political opponent would have tried to ruin Phocion or Nicias or Lysander by preferring a charge of bribery or malversation; for no one would have believed the charge.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Holm's appreciative chapters on Alexander the Great. But we were concerned to call attention, with a certain emphasis, to his view of Demosthenes, hoping that it may serve as a corrective of the ill-grounded estimates of that extraordinary orator which are current in England as well as in other countries. On this account we specially welcome Holm's third volume, in its good, though not faultless, English dress.

THE CASTLES OF ENGLAND.

"The Castles of England: their Story and Structure."
By Sir James D. Mackenzie. London: Heinemann.
1897.

THE epitaph of a majority of the old English castles is to be found in Father Prout :—

Oliver Cromwell

He did her pommel

And made a breach in her battlement.

Cannon and neglect were their lot. When it was found that the old fortresses could not withstand great guns people soon discovered that they were very uncomfortable to live in. Some of them were pulled down without Oliver's help. Some were stripped of their lead and left as ruins. Some had more commodious houses built within their precincts and so, in a way, survived chiefly as quarries. Of real inhabited castles the number is small. Sir James Mackenzie has compiled a kind of cyclopædia of all the castles in England, including even those which he marks as "non-existent," such as Newbury, Fotheringhay, or Sandwich. The pictures are very numerous, comprising 40 full-page plates and 158 smaller views in the text, all by photography. There are besides 70 plans. In the preface we are told that "between 600 and 700 castles were built in England from the Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII." Of these some 400 are here noticed, but the author pretends to no first-hand authority, relying on county histories, on the papers read at archaeological meetings, and, above all, on Mr. George T. Clark's well-known volumes on "Mediæval Military Architecture," a work which, for the eighty buildings it describes, is final and complete. It is, indeed, as Sir James remarks, "a perfect example of what this sort of research ought to be." From Mr. Clark he has received great assistance and the use of valuable papers and plans. Thus introduced, the book cannot fail to be both useful and entertaining.

"With the exception of some stone work at Corfe, there remains probably no masonry of any castles dating prior to the Conquest," says the author. But at Tamworth some old herring-bone masonry is shown as

Saxon, and at Dover local antiquaries would have us recognize even Roman work, while remains of masonry dating before the Normans are less open to doubt. There are other faults of this kind, resulting from undue haste in the correction of printers' proofs. Within a few pages two castles are described, one of which belongs, we are told, to the Duke of Cleveland, while the other was bequeathed by the Duke to Lord Barnard, who now owns it. In other places, the same carelessness leaves us in doubt as to the author's meaning. For example, we are told that "Milton was from Ludlow, and wrote his 'Comus' there," whereas we have long believed that he was from Bread Street in Cheap. About Middleham there is a statement which we can neither understand nor parse. "The home of a character so interesting in English history as the Earl of Warwick, Richard the Third, and Anne Nevill is worthy of more than a passing glance." Under Naworth we read about Lord Thomas Dacre as well as Lord William Howard. The latter was a duke's son, and may have been entitled to the designation, but Dacre held a barony and should be described as Thomas, Lord Dacre. History is perverted in what we read of Brackenbury, "the notorious Constable of the Tower of London, who was entrusted with the murder of the princes." If so, where did Sir Thomas Tyrrel's part come in, and how were Sir Thomas More and William Shakespeare so far out? Under Hever, we read a curious anecdote about the Calais executioner, who, according to Sir James Mackenzie, was a woman. "Brought to trial in the Tower on May 15, and judged to be burnt or beheaded on the Green within the Tower, the Calais headsman was brought over, and on May 19 she suffered." Specimens of shipshod English like this abound. Of the last two possessors of the old Oxford earldom we are told that they died "in poverty. And in that family there had been four Knights of the Garter!" Baynard's Castle and the Tower are, without any reservation, described as in Middlesex. Baynard's Castle certainly was in London and the greater part of the Tower also. Small errors of this kind, especially when they are exceedingly numerous, shake our confidence in an author the nature of whose work makes accuracy most necessary.

The illustrations show us the present state of many buildings which have become famous in our history. Sir James Mackenzie gives interesting facts about Fotheringhay. In spite of what we read in numberless books, the author judiciously points out, James I. did not dismantle the castle, which was standing intact at the end of his reign. Some of the materials, including the columns and arches of the hall, were removed to Conington in the same county, where Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquary, built them into his house. An entrance porch from Fotheringhay is still to be seen at Conington, and a chair in the church is said to be that in which Queen Mary sat in the hall during the preparations for her death.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

"A Dictionary of the Church of England." By the Rev. E. L. Cutts. Third Edition. London: S.P.C.K. 1896.

IT is always a healthy sign when members of an organization wish to know about their society, and the third edition of this useful handbook proves that a good many people are interested in an old English institution. Any intelligent man, whatever his faith or unfaith may be, is certain to meet with words, laws, customs, and objects which puzzle him and which can only be explained by some slight knowledge of matters ecclesiastical. Hence the demand for this and similar books which supply the inquiring citizen with a good deal of necessary information upon matters which it is not, unfortunately, considered disgraceful not to know. Even those glib writers who report the noteworthy events of Church services for the daily Press will soon learn that Scott's heroes could not well have "heard a mass at sunset," that nuns do not wear stoles and chasubles, that compline is not an edible, and that acolytes are not brass things suspended by chains in front of altars. Mr. Cutts would no doubt agree

that the book must be miserably inadequate, because the subject is so wide that it could not be condensed into any sort of manual; but still there is much good work in the book, and it holds many valuable articles, some of which sum up the results of the best writers, and refer to places where such subjects are more fully treated. Thus the book is a kind of short and inexpensive English "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." It is a pity that a number of English Church terms are not given, such as *utras*, mass-shackle, *undern*, and so on, and that things like the Quinquarticular controversy, the *Et cætera* oath, and the like, are not noticed at all; but on the whole there is a good pennyworth of historical, liturgical and rubrical lore, albeit of a somewhat book-making type.

VOLUNTARY VERSUS COMPULSORY SERVICE.

"Voluntary versus Compulsory Service." By Captain F. N. Maude. London: Edward Stanford. 1897.

THIS essay was originally intended to have been sent in for competition for the Royal United Service Institution gold medal of last year. It was unfortunately, when almost completed, mislaid, and only rediscovered when it was too late. Since then it has been rewritten and expanded to its present dimensions. As the views of the successful competitors have not yet been published, it is impossible to judge how far they have cause to congratulate themselves on the absence of this one; but that Captain Maude was a very formidable antagonist no one will dispute, and that what he has said is worthy of attention we are very sure. Captain Maude is an admirer of the Volunteers, and he points out very ably that they are the military school of the nation, not in the sense that they make many men soldiers, but because they familiarize thousands of families throughout the country with the truth that war is a stern fact which every nation is compelled to face. They have also given considerable impetus to military discussion, and have prevented the people of this country to some extent (we do not go all the way with our author) from falling into that somnolent indifference which distinguished the days prior to the Crimea.

Captain Maude is in places a little diffuse in his introductory chapter, and in his analogies sometimes errs in the direction of over-refinement; but the manner in which he traces the historical evolution of the systems of service in vogue on the Continent during the last two centuries is excellent. He shows a full knowledge of history, and a keen discernment in his criticisms, and no one who knows soldiers will refuse fully to endorse his description of the enervating effects of an over-drilled and inspected army. It was the ultra-rigid and pedantic survival of Frederick's system which the French armies of the time of the Revolution destroyed. But in them, also, elasticity degenerated by degrees into laxity; and while the Prussians made vast improvements subsequently to Jena, the French deteriorated until ruined irretrievably in 1815. Captain Maude carries on his investigation through 1848-49 to 1866 and 1870, not forgetting the American War of Secession, and finally sums up the lesson of his researches in the conclusion that the evidence of war is against rather than in favour of compulsory service—always supposing that an adequate number of suitable men can be attracted to the colours. It seems to us that here lies the crux of the whole question, and that our real difficulty is only felt when we endeavour to satisfy this primary condition. Captain Maude, however, takes an optimistic view throughout, and is troubled by no nervous fears as to our ability to hold our own in the long run. Compulsion is shown to be better adapted to the conditions of life on the Continent than it is to us, and in the absence of all sense of imminent national danger in the community there is no motive power of public opinion adequate to render its adoption a success. Meanwhile, too, it is possible to take heart of grace; for, although we may possibly be threatened with an overwhelming coalition against us, and should be prepared for a catastrophe, "one quarter of the

money compulsory service would cost us would more than suffice to meet the danger, and would be infinitely better adapted to the circumstances." This will be reassuring to many a citizen puzzled and perplexed by the alarmist paragraphs which our Press delights to scatter about the country, and we are far from cavilling at the comforting conclusions arrived at. They are based on a conscientious study of all the circumstances which surround a problem full of difficulties and intricacies, and they are well worthy of the serious attention of those who are fond of measuring our strength and weakness by foreign standards. Whether our author has made good his case may be a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt as to the ability and knowledge which he has brought to bear upon it.

IBSEN TRAVESTIED.

"Ibsen on his Merits." By Sir E. R. Russell and Percy C. Standing. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

THE authors of this unlucky volume make a pathetic bid for our support by declaring, in their preface, that Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is "practically" the only person in this country who "has had courage or encouragement" (observe the graceful assonance) to produce any noticeable "appreciation or criticism of Dr. Ibsen's works." The words of G. B. S. are, indeed, wise and weighty; but he suffers fools impatiently, and we do not think that he will be mollified by this flattery, if he takes up "Ibsen on his Merits." Mr. Shaw, we all know, is modest; and he will not like to say for himself, what we will have the "courage or encouragement" to say for him, that the authors of this book have gained remarkably little from the advantage of his writings. They seem to have consulted scarcely any other authorities—except, indeed, Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Wilson Barrett and "the distinguished Ibsenite, Mr. Herbert Waring"—but the study of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw alone ought to have preserved them from the extraordinary errors and still more extraordinary platitudes which disfigure their pages. Sir E. R. Russell and Mr. Standing claim to have worked in collaboration, and one chapter at least is "jointly written." But we are enabled to distinguish between them. Sir E. R. Russell rarely trusts himself to a definite statement, and is therefore less often startlingly wrong than Mr. Standing, whose boldness of assertion and daring defiance of books of reference are distinctly pleasing.

It would be weary work to examine closely the text of this absurd compilation. But, as representing one of those newspapers in which Ibsen was earliest discussed and has been most carefully followed, we must be permitted to say that the effect of such a production as this is annoying. Pure eulogistic gush, unrelieved by knowledge or reflection, and expressed in the loosest journalese—this is not a welcome contribution to those who have endeavoured to insist on a respectful and intelligent consideration of a new and difficult author. The students of Ibsen in this country have a delicate task before them; they are like a choir who are endeavouring to persuade an unwilling audience at a concert to appreciate an abstruse new musician. They are not helped, they are much exasperated, by the rushing in of two volunteers who propose to assist them on a jew's-harp and a penny whistle.

The authors of this book seem unacquainted with the bare facts of the life of their hero. They complain that nothing but "the baldest and the most trivial details" are yet known of his existence. Yet an excellent translation of Jäger's "Life," one of the fullest biographies of a living man ever compiled, has been published for several years, and should have been in their hands before they ventured to attack the subject. A mere glance at it might have enabled Mr. Standing to give the right name to Ibsen's first publication; another would have prevented him from talking about "Lady Inger of Ostrått"; a third would have put right a reference to "The Feast of Solhang." The interesting German authors whom Mr. Standing calls "*Freidrich Nietzsche*" and "*Max Norda*" may have supplied the suggestion that in "The Pretenders," which was written

in the summer of 1863, Ibsen was giving his impression of the situation created by the war of 1864. But to the unaided genius of Mr. Standing must be due this pearl of criticism:—

"In 'Love's Comedy,' Ibsen for the first time satirizes himself and all around him. For this, and for the lightness of touch employed, the piece is principally noteworthy. It should have, but has not, a reading vogue in England. As much as it instances anything, it instances the author's versatility."

As much as this instances anything, it instances Mr. Standing's—courage. Has he the very faintest idea what are the subject, the form, the character of "Love's Comedy"? In what language has he read it, for he seems to know not one word of Danish, and it has never been translated into English or French?

We could instance dozens of such delightful touches. But we have surely said enough to justify us in inviting these enthusiastic performers on the penny-whistle to withdraw from the orchestra of Ibsenism.

A "SLUMP" IN SCOTTISH HEROES.

"Heroes of the Nations. Robert Bruce, and the Struggle for Scottish Independence." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. London: Putnam's Sons. 1897.

THE blind worship which Scotsmen bestow upon their compatriots Wallace and Bruce has always given matter for amused wonder to the intelligent foreigner. For this idolatry is based, of course, upon a pathetic fallacy; the only questions which present themselves to the unprejudiced mind being, how long shall this foolish hero-worship last, and who will be the first Scotsman to proclaim himself a heretic? Moreover, to the making of an effective heretic in this matter, many rare qualities are needed—such as a reasonable amount of second-hand historical knowledge; a slack popular style of setting forth; an air of authority upheld by cheap footnotes; the tone of dispassionateness acquired in party politics; and the superiority which belongs to a titled Scotsman alone. These are superlative qualities, which it seems impossible to find united in one mere man; and yet we have to admit frankly that Sir Herbert Maxwell is that man. From which we infer that he has been specially designed by Providence to prick the bubble of Scottish pretension in the matter of heroes.

Take the case of William Wallace. Our author has no hesitation in describing him as a "Scottish brigand," who got himself into trouble early in his career by his irregular course of life. Indeed, his character is so worthless that Sir Herbert makes no doubt that the Scottish hero was the same William le Waleys who was charged at Perth with robbing a woman of 3s. worth of beer. This identity is not established by proof, but in the case of a brigand that is unnecessary; Sir Herbert is willing to damn at a hazard; and who are we to say him nay? Then, again, the story of how Wallace attacked a body of English soldiers with a fishing-rod and killed five of them, with other tales of a like sort which are dear to the devout Scotsman, receives no credence from our author. These are myths which have been invented by Blind Harry, and when Sir Herbert stands up and "makes his gesture" the old blind balladist shrivels into insignificance. His testimony, says our author with his wonted air of finality, is of the nature of fable. What is beyond doubt is that Wallace was a low-born adventurer of shady morals, who pushed to the front in lawless times; won the battle of Stirling; lost the battle of Falkirk; became a broken man and an outlaw with a price set on his head; and was eventually captured, tried in London, and there executed. Properly so, as our heretic author admits, for the English King was simply vindicating his lawful authority in bringing the career of this Scottish brigand to an end.

In Robert the Bruce, as he is depicted in this volume, the heroic element is even less obvious than in the life of Wallace. And to make the character of Bruce perfectly plain to the reader, Sir Herbert constructs a most damnable table of his public acts over a long term of years. From this table we gather that Bruce was possessed of a sordid, self-seeking nature, tempered

by cunning, and that this reputed patriot betrayed his friends and his country over and over again in order to secure his own ends. True, he did not steal beer like William le Waleys, but he treacherously murdered Comyn in Dumfries kirk, and then stole the crown of Scotland. This was, indeed, as Sir Herbert says, "a brutal bloody murder," and he characterizes the early career of Bruce as "a humiliating record." No doubt this desperate usurper played his part with a considerable amount of adroitness; but our author points out, very properly, that his success was due to the death of Edward I. and the feeble rule of his son; had Edward Longshanks lived a few years longer the head of Robert the Bruce would have found a place on London Bridge. Such, at least, is the opinion of Sir Herbert Maxwell.

Hitherto it has been supposed, even by the ignorant foreigner, that King Robert the Bruce secured his kingdom and made his luckiest stroke when he defeated the English army at Bannockburn. But our author has obviously no high opinion of Bruce's generalship or of the far-reaching effects of that battle, for he expressly states that the death of Sir Henry de Bohun was the greatest contributing cause to the success of the usurper. But, after all, Sir Herbert seems to be rather hazy regarding this incident which is so familiar to the schoolboy, for he speaks of "Sir Humphrey" de Bohun in one part of his narrative and of "Sir Henry" de Bohun in another, and he leads the reader to believe that De Bohun was slain on the day of the battle, and also on the day before the battle. But these are mere trifles which do not disturb our serene confidence in the omniscience of Sir Herbert. Indeed, if he were to say that it was the English King who won the battle of Bannockburn, we are prepared to accept the statement. For his complete success in stripping Wallace and Bruce of all claims to hero-worship leads us to infer that he could easily explain away the Scots' victory at Bannockburn—if the printer's devil would only give him a little leisure.

NEW FICTION.

"A Great Lie." By Wilfrid Hugh Chesson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

IN Mr. Chesson's first chapter an unfortunate cripple scrambles down to the seashore and exchanges his ugliness for the beauty of an exceedingly handsome poet who is at that moment being drowned in a shipwreck. Apparently, his soul also undergoes some change; but how much or how little we cannot make out. The 240 pages of the book are a description of the eight days during which this miraculous and vague creature lives. We had better confess at once to a distaste for the miraculous, especially when it spreads out its weary length through a long and extremely solemn novel. The miraculous should be short, it should remain an idea, to work it out in lengthy detail is to ensure annoyance or boredom. For either the author makes his miraculous figure undergo human experiences, and then it were a hundred times better that he should be entirely human, or else he is allowed to wander in the vague regions of the impossible, and then we lose interest. The miraculous is at its best in the brevity of a ballad, where it remains an idea. The knight is riding through the wood on the way to his wedding, the Erl King's daughter asks him thrice to dance with her, adding fresh temptations at every request. We have his refusal again and again, her curse, the wild gallop home on the maddened horse, the trembling mother at the door, the son's blanched and hopeless confession, the bride's naïve inquiry for her knight amid the marriage-bells next morning, "He rode but lately into the wood to try his horse and his hound," the lifting of the scarlet cloak, there lay the knight, dead. All the power of the thing is squeezed out in a few verses; you want nothing more, more would only mean weakness. Then, again, the miraculous is impressive when we are conscious of the fact that somebody believed it. That is half the attraction of folklore. "I am a man, and nothing that is not human interests me"—or words to that effect. A miraculous change such as Mr. Chesson describes is

not human, but the belief in it is. Here is your human fact: in this or that part of the country it was believed that if a man went out on a certain night strange things happened to him. Strike out from your consciousness the "it was believed"—that is to say, the humanity of the thing—and you go far towards annihilating the interest. Translate what is beautiful as a belief, what indeed only exists as a belief, into actuality, work it out in long detail, and you must be very clever—cleverer than Mr. Chesson—if you can hold your reader's attention and guard him from annoyance. Let us take an example. It sometimes happens—every imaginative man must have had the experience and every man can understand it—it sometimes happens that by some odd shock the bonds of our own tyrannical personality are loosened, and for an instant we look down the vista of another's experience with that other's eyes. Mightily interesting and full of possibilities for the artist. Such an accident Mr. Chesson suggests to us. His hero is walking on the parade; a strange woman, mistaking him for her former lover, accosts him as "Ned," and he goes home with her. There is her conversation, recollections of old times, an enlightening word here and there; there is his photograph on the mantelpiece; the piano on which Ned used to play her tunes; there is her sewing-machine, symbol of the dull livelihood to which she looks forward now that he is going to marry. The stranger sees the whole history at a glance—nay, he feels the weight of it, the responsibility, for an instant he inherits a fellow-creature's experience. We say Mr. Chesson only "suggests," because he mars the interest of the incident by attributing it to a man who is not a man. Half the time this man is not thinking human thoughts, but the dim vaguenesses which Mr. Chesson imagines might pass through the brain (if there is a brain) of his miraculous creature. This is a bore. But it is even more annoying when he gives him human thoughts. A sewing-machine is thrown away on such a monster, and what is the good of offering a photograph in a frame, or an old piano, to a being who, for all we know, may possess the power of flying up the chimney or transforming himself into a lobster? There is no depending on a hero of this nature, or rather of this no-nature; *il est capable de tout*, and therefore a bore; and if, for an interesting moment, he kindly abstains from the performance of inhuman antics, what is the sense of his miraculousness? Again, the hero walks out with a once admired schoolmistress; as they near the sea, he forgets her in gazing at the hills, he sees over her, round her, behind her; he is bigger, infinitely bigger, than she; she is a little giggling nothing at his side. We do not mean to say that Mr. Chesson puts it as reasonably as this, but he suggests something of the kind. She does not understand his ironical mood or the stamp of his foot; but she does not mind, she is near him, and therefore giggles contentedly at his incomprehensible talk, and excuses herself on the plea that she "can't help it." This excellent possibility is spoiled by the constant reminder that the man is no man, but a monster. Or, again, he is in his village chapel, during the singing of a hymn, and "there crept over him, and, as it were, shone from him a kind of ecstasy of estrangement from the dear people around him, and the precious faith which they held and declared." "An ecstasy of estrangement," it is an almost perfect expression, and while we read it we fall into a happy oblivion of the hero's monstrous nature. But in the next paragraph we are cruelly reminded that the pearl has been cast away on a nothing, a ghost, an absurdity. We remember these three incidents out of a long book (they might occupy half a dozen pages in the total of 240), because on these three occasions Mr. Chesson, in the midst of his fantastics, has permitted himself to note plain human experiences with enough detachment to enable us to reconstruct them in the real world from which he stole them. We shrink before the hard man who could have had the heart to sacrifice these promising children in the arms of his manufactured idol. The rest of the book is chiefly interest distorted and incomprehensibility for which we see little excuse. Mr. Chesson has given us a curious commentary on his treatment of his theme. It is in the line from Tourgénéff which he prints on his fly-leaf: "When a man can deceive himself no longer,

it is time to give up living." Exactly; but he must be a *man*; the tragedy fades if he is anything less or more.

The forbearing person who has managed to get through this review might conclude that Mr. Chesson had written a book worth reading. The conclusion would not be altogether wrong; but the forbearing person must carry a large lump of his forbearance along with him if he would venture further and attack the book itself.

"The Mistress of the Ranch." By Frederick Thickstun Clark. London: Sampson Low & Co.

There is no medium more dangerous for an author to use than dialect, and there is no surer test of a writer's limitations than the excess or restraint with which he uses it. Where the master craftsman will suggest local colour by a deft phrase here, an idiom there, the prentice hand will mistake jargon for characterization, provincialisms for realism, and will swamp plot, persons, pathos and humour in one thick dialectic sauce. It is here that Mr. Thickstun Clark has come to grief. He has a strong story, a sound first-hand knowledge of ranch life, his characters are well drawn and consistent, but he has been so enamoured of low Colorado slang as to be unable to resist weighting every incident with it. After nearly four hundred close pages of these Americanisms, one feels weary, and thankful that the Wild West is not in our hemisphere. Thus a lady greets for the first time the foreman of her new ranch:—"Reckon I'm a picter in a frame to be sot down 'ere on the platform till ye happen to come 'long 'n' cart me off permisc'ous. Don't ye know what a lady's like, to leave 'er sprawlin' 'n' straddlin' aroun' in public like this?" Still, Mr. Clark occasionally displays good descriptive powers, as instanced in the account of the land-slip, and shows more artistic reserve at times than his unfortunate *penchant* for slang would lead one to expect.

"Audrey Craven." By May Sinclair. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1897.

This is a book by a new writer, and it is not often that a new writer, least of all a woman writer, starts her career so fully fledged as does Miss May Sinclair. "Audrey Craven" is a clever novel, admirably conceived and well written. It betrays no trace of the prentice hand; its style is simple and restrained. The story is told straightforwardly and all its characters are live flesh and blood; whilst throughout the book there reigns the sobriety and lucidity of diction which have come to be associated with "Blackwood" and its writers. It is a commonplace observation that women are the most merciless critics of women, and it is certain that few men, if any man at all, could have drawn Audrey Craven as Miss Sinclair has drawn her. Her vanity, her shallowness, her callousness, her ignorance, the plasticity of her mind, which receives its impress from any strong individuality that is near her, are laid bare, mercilessly, in a sense, no doubt, but also with sympathy; so that we are continually sorry for her and pity her a little, even for the not very dreadful Nemesis that overtakes her in the end. It is so very clear all the time that she cannot help being what she is, and we are much more disposed to blame her two discarded lovers, Vincent Hardy and Ted Haviland, for being such fools as to think her an angel because she had a pretty face and a Parisienne's exquisite taste in dress. This shows Miss Sinclair to possess the genuine creative sense of necessity, of inevitableness. We are quite convinced, scarcely even surprised, for instance, when Audrey, after having jilted the two men who loved her sincerely, is made to take the resolution to become the mistress of the man who does not love her and will not marry her. She does not take the irrevocable step, but it is only because Langley Wyndham never intended that she should, his interest in her being purely professional as the original of the heroine in his new novel.

But if Audrey Craven is true to life, Katherine Haviland is not less so. She is quite as real a woman in her goodness and her devotion to her brother. It was just like her to go and fall in love with Hardy when he

had succumbed again to the temptation of drink. The men are perhaps not quite as distinctly drawn as the women in Miss Sinclair's book, but they are real men, all the same. Vincent Hardy, the good-natured animal; Ted Haviland, the artist; Langley Wyndham, the novelist; Knowles, the critic; and Flaxman Reed, the High Church priest whom Audrey drives into Rome, all these are sketched with an unerring hand, without a trace of exaggeration. This, in fact, is the keynote of Miss Sinclair's method; and though "Audrey Craven" is in no sense a great work, it stands out honourably from the mass of rubbish that is put upon the book market under the name of fiction as a clever and well-written story. There is not a line in it that strives at "smart" writing, but there is an abundance of good English, and now and then a good phrase. Audrey is "artless in perpetual artifice, for ever revealing herself in a succession of disguises." Wyndham says, "You purists believe in the beauty of morality as well as in the immorality of beauty." Katherine notes for us a revelation of feminine character in a very commonplace act:—"Beware of a woman who kisses you on both cheeks; it's too much for friendship and too little for love!" We shall certainly look with interest for another book from Miss Sinclair's pen.

"Under Shadow of the Mission." By L. Studdiford McChesney. London: Methuen & Co. 1897.

If the author herself came upon her own book in a library she would not, in all probability, catalogue it as "Fiction." It is called "A Memory of Santa Barbara," and it is a picture of a certain circle of men, women and children living the life of invalids and *faintants* in the "Esperanza" hotel. We review it under the heading of "Fiction" because the picturesque qualities win over the rest, and because those who care much about fiction may care about this book, and those who look for other qualities in it will be disappointed and perhaps bored. Mrs. McChesney has given us a *milieu*, a setting, an artist's study, a novel without a story; if her book is not fiction, it is at any rate fictile, and if she does not use the potter's wheel, she still makes a display of the fine clay from which others manufacture vases. There is much description of Santa Barbara; but the book is not a traveller's diary, and cannot be recommended to those who seek for information. Nor will the many discussions on various subjects stand as pamphlets; they are not serious contributions to contemporary philosophy. And though every page reveals the author's character, we do not feel as if we were reading an autobiography. It is, indeed, as a piece of self-revelation that the book is chiefly interesting; but, most luckily, the author appears to be unaware of the fact. If the self-revelation had been more conscious, it would certainly have been less successful, less like good fiction; as it is, Ultimata's character (Ultimata is the author's hotel nickname) comes out in that best of all ways, as it were by accident, and in a fashion that might fairly make the professed novelist envious. Through her love of her daughter and of nature, through her relation to other people and her judgment of them, through the part she takes in the discussions, she draws her own portrait. These discussions on theology, woman's place in the world, spiritualism, and so on, are, of course, the most dangerous portions of the book. In places they are boring, and for this there is no remedy. If in other places they are irritating, this is the fault of the reader, who forgets for the moment that he is reading a piece of self-revelation rather than a pamphlet. And here she is singularly helpful—and, unconsciously, a true artist—for if she irritates us on one page by a narrow statement, it is more than likely that she will describe on the next an opposite emotion which goes far to negative the narrowness. Not the least achievement in the drawing of Ultimata's character is the presentation of the manner in which a highly sensitive and keenly emotional nature, apt, one would say, to be swayed by every gust, still remains with the beliefs she holds so fiercely. We realize how entirely opinions, even on the most abstruse questions, are a matter of character. Besides the militant aspect of the book, there are two other charac-

teristics which might annoy one who was not looking with artist's, or novel-reading, eyes. One is what we might in England unkindly describe as tall-talk. No one, however, who sees the whole figure of *Ultimata* would retain his irritation against "broader sweeps" and "uplooking"; he might still be puzzled, as he would be in real life, if he met *Ultimata* face to face. And the other is an emotional manufacture of mountains out of molehills. All *Ultimata*'s friends, and especially her women friends, are intensely interesting; no one of them is commonplace, they are ablaze with spirituality, meaning, and beautiful qualities. Certainly this makes interesting reading, and it is very like *Ultimata*; a trait excellently revealed without explanation—only somewhere she says that falling in love with women has been her life-long weakness. Her appreciation of women is intense; she is a regular woman's woman, and, in this respect, very far removed from the proverbial woman writer. And here we must remark how large and how real a part is played by dress "under shadow of the Mission." The dressing is varied and splendid—apparently it needs a writer more than ordinarily spiritual and intellectual to allow clothes the importance they enjoy in real life, and this particular writer's clothes are not at all vague, we see them. Many other things besides dresses—expeditions and picnics, for instance, rides, scraps of conversation, and especially the very beautiful relation between a mother and her little daughter—receive fuller treatment than in ordinary fiction, because in a connected story there is either no leisure for such everyday occurrences, or else they are touched upon for a purpose and not for their intrinsic interest. Mrs. McChesney is under no such compulsion, and she has plenty of leisure; she writes, therefore, of all that interests her, and when she is not interested she does not write. As this is an American work—and very American—it would hardly be etiquette to leave it without a word about the style. Even the jaundiced would admit that Mrs. McChesney means well with her style—sometimes, perhaps, too well. She has a trick, for instance, of dropping the article; she talks of the dove's "flight over unshored sea, until wet and wearied it flutters back to warmth of human hand; then from waste of waters wins green hope for the waiting earth." This is an extreme instance. Then she once uses an expression which might raise a smile—really it is a pure matter of words, and has nothing to do with the meaning—Boston offers great advantages for culture, as all the world knows; but it is not well to speak of its "art advantages." It is rather late to protest against the growth of "ists" and "isms" and other appendages of a like nature; but even those who welcome "scientist" might draw the line at "mediumistic." If this particular branch of human learning cannot get on without such words, it were better to shake hands with it at once—and rejoice in the possession of a valid reason. But perhaps any blemishes in style may also be excused on our plea of self-revelation. Certainly the book gives us great pleasure as it is; we would not have it different.

"Phroso." A Romance. By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen & Co. 1897.

It is pleasant nowadays to find an eminently comprehensible romance by a plain, straightforward Englishman. The name of the adventurous young hero of Mr. Hope's latest story is Wheatley, Lord Wheatley. Perhaps, if he had been asked, he might have preferred to go to a bank in South America or a principality in Germany; but he was not asked, so there was no alternative but to start off and face such difficulties as Mr. Hope, in his wisdom, had prepared for him in the Ægean. These difficulties divide themselves into two parts, a dull part and an exciting part. It would be too solemn to inquire deeply why the long fight with Constantine is not exciting. Perhaps it is too disconnected, too diffuse; perhaps the fault is Phroso's, possibly she might have brought things to a keener edge if she had acted her best. At any rate the interest narrows and excitement begins with the arrival of the Turkish Governor, and happily he lasts for some hundred and fifty pages.

RECENT ART-BOOKS IN ITALY.

- "Il Camposanto di Pisa." I. B. Supino. Firenze: Fratelli Alinari. 1896.
 "Modena Artistica." A. Venturi. Modena: Angelo Namais e C. 1896.
 "Giovanni Battista Tiepolo." Discorso di Pompeo Molmenti. Firenze: Roberto Paggi. 1896.
 "Frate Angelico. Studio d'Arte di Domenico Tumiati." Firenze: Roberto Paggi. 1897.

"UNITED ITALY" is becoming intensely conscious of her works of art. The last few years have been marked by a great uprising of art-critics; and young men are actively engaged in unearthing, from churches and convents, pictures that have hitherto escaped the notice of collectors or of the historians of Italian art. Especially observable is this activity in the North-East of the Peninsula—Venice, for instance—and in Tuscany. A couple of years ago Angelo Conti, now Professor at the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Venice, published an interesting and beautifully got up book on Giorgione; and the last few months have seen the issue of four publications, all by young men, which speak well for the acumen and conscientiousness of research in our most recent writers. These very young men, admirers of English thought and English literature, are perhaps still too much under the influence of Ruskin and his friends and followers, inasmuch as they over-accentuate the philosophical and symbolical side of painting; but this is probably a passing and salutary phase, a reaction against the extreme mechanism, the mania for classification in accordance with outward characteristics, that marked such criticism as existed some years ago. A union of the two methods—and the books before us seem to promise such a union—will result in an excellent school of criticism.

Mr. Supino's book on the Pisan "Camposanto" is a case in point. It is both critical and descriptive; but the criticisms, moving on Morellian lines, do not exaggerate Morellian methods, and the descriptions are terse and straightforward. Moreover, internal evidence is not relied on alone, but the archives, the ledgers of the ancient Pisan Republic and of the Cathedral Chapter, have been thoroughly searched for documents relating to the building of the Camposanto and the execution of the frescoes. Important, too, as a description of the place in the sixteenth century, especially as regards such frescoes as have now almost disappeared, or have been very much retouched or even repainted, is the manuscript of the good Canon Totti, from which Mr. Supino gives many interesting quotations. The manuscript finished "on the 21st day of August, 1593, on a Friday," is to be found in the Cathedral archives. To the discussion of the frescoes Mr. Supino prefixes an Introduction treating of the date of the building of the Camposanto and of the much-vexed question of its decoration. He adduces documents to confute Vasari's statement that the edifice was already erected in 1283, and to show that the works continued during the whole of the fourteenth and into the beginning of the fifteenth century; the making and placing of the painted glass windows, of which he gives an interesting description, carrying the labour on till, at any rate, 1469. In discussing the authorship of the frescoes Mr. Supino acts as champion for the Pisan artists of that time. He shows that in the fourteenth century Pisa possessed a celebrated artist in Traini, pupil of Orcagna, who painted "Le Storie di S. Domenico" for the church of S. Caterina at Pisa, and the very beautiful "Trionfo di S. Tommaso d' Aquino." He remarks that it were surely strange if neither Traini nor any of his compatriots (e.g. Bernardo Nelli) had been called to ornament the great monument of their native city, and finds that the frescoes attributed to Giotto, Buffalmacco, Orcagna, and Lorenzetti display characteristics proper rather to the Pisan than to the Florentine school of art. "The Triumph of Death" and the "Last Judgment" are attributed to Traini, Orcagna's pupil; the "Anchorites" to unnamed Pisan artists; the "Story of S. Ranieri" to the Andrea da Firenze, brought to light by Professor Bonaini, and to Antonio Veneziano; the "Story of Job" to Francesco da Volterra, pupil of Giotto; the "Genesis" frescoes to Pietro di Puccio, who had been working in the Cathedral of Orvieto; to Benozzo Gozzoli those which have always gone under his name. The book, like all Alinari's publications, is well illustrated.

In "Modena Artistica" Mr. Venturi has collected a number of his magazine articles relating to the art of his native place. They are highly suggestive, full of curious facts and sound criticism.

On 24 May, 1896, the Venetians celebrated the second centenary of the birth of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo; and on this occasion Mr. Molmenti delivered the address now published by Roberto Paggi in the "Multa Renascentur" series. Technicalities would of course have been out of place here. The speaker has aimed at describing Tiepolo's work and surroundings in such a way as to present the man as much as the painter, the *milieu* as much as the artist who moved in it. As Mr. Molmenti justly remarks, however, Tiepolo was influenced to a singularly small extent by the society of the time. His inspiration was broad and vigorous, in an age

dominated by what was merely pretty. He carried his art out of the salons into the full light of the open air, attempting and obtaining effects unknown to his forerunners; and he united to his feeling for physical force a sentiment and a poetry of colouring proper rather to the eighteenth century (the century of Watteau and Greuze) than his own or to preceding centuries.

"Frate Angelico" aims at placing the gentle friar before the world as an artist in the true sense of the word: an artist who consciously seeks effects and colours; whose work was not simply "an emanation" of his religious life, however strictly in connexion with it, but a product that can and must be judged by the rules applied to that of other painters. Moreover, Fra Angelico is not to be regarded as a representative of the mystic in contradistinction to the naturalistic school; these two schools, says our author, Mr. R. Paggi, who is here, however, juggling with words, did not exist during the "Rinascimento"; they have their being only in the minds of later critics. He is as much an heir of the ages as any so-called naturalistic painter. He does not close the period of Giotto, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle would have it; he does not open the school of Umbrian mystics, as the followers of Rio have imagined; he is not an artist behind his time (*in ritardo*), as Paul Mantz and Eugène Muntz conclude; but he reveals to him who understandeth the true spirit of his land (read Florence) at the dawn of the fifteenth century. Such the thesis. To prove it the author investigates the relations of Fra Angelico's art to that of Giotto's successors, coming to the conclusion that he is technically connected with Lorenzo Monaco, who derives from Orcagna; devotes a chapter to the influences, artistic and natural, to which the friar was exposed when he followed St. Dominic into Umbria; and examines the pictures preserved in Florence in the light of the artistic effects afforded by the outlook over the hills of Fiesole from the monastery at S. Domenico. A discussion of the frescoes in San Marco affords an opportunity for a parallel between the famous "Crucifixion" in the Refectory, Perugino's "Crucifixion" in S. Maddalena dei Pazzi, and Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross." The ground-plan of the work is good. But the author, who is very young, has unfortunately been attracted in quite an exaggerated degree by Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites. He considerably exaggerates the relation of painting to music. He exceeds in his similitudes between paintings and flowers, notably in his description (p. 133) of the great "Deposition" in the Accademia delle Belle Arti. He has yet to learn that a long description of the impression a picture produces on him, with a few technical remarks at the end, is not the way to criticize that picture. But he is determined to see with his own eyes; he has a firm grasp of his subject, though his lack of concentration unfortunately tends to hide the fact from the reader; he is a patient observer. His book is the prelude to good work which he should do when he has grown out of his Pre-Raphaelitism and become a more sober, scientific worker.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

America and the Americans. Heinemann.
Ancient Hebrew Tradition, The (Fritz Hommel). S.P.C.K.
Annual Register, The. Longmans. 18s.
Athens, British School at: The Annual of the. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
Audrey Craven (May Sinclair). Blackwood.
Birds, The Migration of (Charles Dixon). Horace Cox.
Bishop Barlowe's Dialogue (J. R. Lurn). Ellis & Keene. 2s. 6d.
Broken Threads (Compton Read). Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
Caesar's Gallic War, Book IV. (John Brown). Blackie. 1s. 6d.
Carlton Priory (John Stafford). Chatto & Windus. 6s.
Chances of Death, The. 2 vols. (Karl Pearson). Arnold. 25s.
Cicero, The Correspondence of. Vol. V. (Tyrrell & Purser). Longmans. 14s.
Cromwell, The House of (James Weylen). Stock.
Dickens, Charles, The Novels of (F. G. Kitting). Stock.
Drawing-room Cynic (Lorin Kaye). Macqueen.
English Illustrated Magazine (June).
Fall of a Star, The (Sir William Magnay). Macmillan. 6s.
Flowering Plants (Mrs. A. Bell). Philip. 2s.
Geology, A Text-book of (W. J. Harrison). Blackie. 3s. 6d.
German Course, A Second (H. Baumann). Blackie. 2s. 6d.
German Stories (L. de Saumarez Brock). Blackie. 1s. 6d.
Gift of the Life, The (James Cassidy). Chapman & Hall. 6s.
Grains of Sense (V. Welby). Dent. 2s.
Greek Civilization, A Survey of (J. P. Mahaffy). Macmillan. 6s.
Impossibilities (Israel Mondago). Henry.
In the Tideway (Flora Annie Steel). Constable. 6s.
In Vallambrosa (Adeline Sergeant). White.
Invisible Playmate, The, and W. V. Her Book (W. Canton). Isbister. 3s. 6d.
Isabella the Catholic (M. Le Baron de Nervo). Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d.
Later Gleanings (W. E. Gladstone). Murray.
Law of Libel and Slander, 2nd Edition (H. Fraser). Clowes. 12s. 6d.
Law of Libel, An Outline of (W. Blake Odgers). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Mankind, The History of, Part 10 (F. Ratze). Macmillan. 1s.
Memories of the Months (Sir Herbert Maxwell). Arnold. 6s.
Mrs. Crichton's Creditor (Mrs. Alexander). White.
My Lord Duke (E. W. Hornung). Cassell. 6s.
Natural History, The Concise. Hutchinson. 5s.
Nature in Dante, The Treatment of (I. Oscar Kuhn). Arnold. 5s.
Nineteenth-Century Miracle, A (Z. Z.). Chatto & Windus.
North American Review, The (May).
Old Man's View (Leonard Merrick). Richards. 3s. 6d.
Pall Mall Magazine (June).
Peter the Great, 2 vols. (K. Waliszewski). Heinemann.
Poems (Horace Smith). Macmillan. 6s.
Poems, New (Francis Thompson). Constable. 6s.
Rogues of the Fiery Cross (S. Walkey). Cassell. 5s.
Royal Academy Pictures, Part 2. Cassell. 1s.
Silence Broken, The (G. M. Robins). Hurst & Blackett. 2s.
Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green (Jerome K. Jerome). Longmans. 6s.
Social Transformations of the Victorian Age (T. H. S. Escott). Seeley. 6s.
Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century (C. A. Wilkins). Heinemann.

Springtime (Charles Peters). Religious Tract Society.
Thames Sonnets and Scenelances (Armour and Macdonald). Mathews. 5s.
Theatrical World of 1896, The (W. Archer). Scott.
Trials of a Staff-Officer (Charles King). Lippincott. 3s. 6d.
Triumph of Destiny, A (J. H. Twells). Lippincott. 5s.
True George Washington, The (P. L. Ford). Lippincott. 7s. 6d.
Western Asia: A Ride through (Clive Bigham). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
Wild Myrtle (L. M. Little). Dent. 3s. 6d.
Winds of March, The (George Knight). Jarrold.
Wrekin Sketches (Emma Boore). Elliot Stock.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charge may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE VERMIMES, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PALL MALL CLUB. ESTD. 1893.

Candidates' names are invited for the election of not exceeding 500 New Town Members and 1,000 New Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members, prior to entering upon new premises.

These are being elected at the "Original" rates of Annual Subscription, £3 3s. for Town Members, and £1 1s. for Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members, subject to a nominal Entrance Fee.

Applications for vacancies are requested to be sent in not later than May 31, 1897, and will be dealt with in order of priority.

On this list being closed, the Annual Subscription will be raised to £5 5s. for Town Members, and £2 2s. for Foreign, Colonial, and Country Members.

The Annual Subscriptions of Candidates now applying will (if elected) date from July 1, 1897.

For further particulars apply to the HON. SECRETARY,

PALL MALL CLUB OFFICES,
60 HAYMARKET, S.W.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Every Evening.

GRAND OPERA.

For full particulars see Daily Papers.
Box Office now open.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, The New
Grand Ballet, MONTE CRISTO. Great Success. Lumière Cinematographie. Grand Variety Entertainment—Mr. Arthur Roberts as the great Trickoli. Doors open at 7.45.

QUEEN'S HALL.

WAGNER'S ANNIVERSARY CONCERT TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, at 3.

(Anniversary of Wagner's Birthday, 22nd May, 1813.)

Conductor—Mr. HENRY J. WOOD.

Vocalist—Mr. LOUIS FROLICH.

Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at usual Agents, and Robert Newman's Box-office, Queen's Hall, W.

FENCING A SPECIALITY.

MCPHERSON'S HIGH-CLASS GYMNASIUM,

30 SLOANE STREET.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Instruction in all Physical Exercises for all Ages and all Ailments.

Prospectus forwarded free.

Member of the British College of Physical Education.

TELEGRAMS: "GYMNICAL," LONDON.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF LYDENBURG, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the GENERAL MEETING of the COMPANY will be held at Johannesburg on the 7th June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to 7th June, both dates inclusive.

By order,
JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, SECRETARIES.

7 Lothbury, E.C., May 20, 1897.

T. HONEY, London Secretary.